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THE CRIMSON AND GRAY

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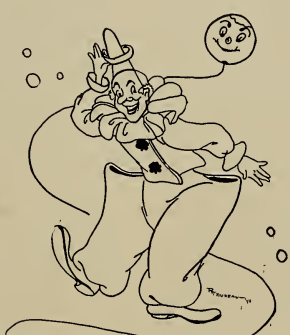
COME TO THE CIRCUS WITH US



THE CIRCUS IS COMING TO TOWN

LUCILLE LUSIGNAN '46

Oh gee! dear me! What'll I do, the circus is coming to town.
I ain't gotta gosh darn cent to my name, I just gotta see that clown.
Maybe I can haul water for the elephants in their stall,
Maybe I can sell tickets, maybe I won't go at all.

I'll get there tho' or my name'll be mud.
Joe's got a ticket and so has Spud.
Mary's prob'ly waitin for me to call her.
Gosh, why won't Dad gimme a dollar?

I'm gonna miss seein' Gargantua the Gorilla,
And that tight-rope walker that sure is a thriller!
The freak shows are my pure delight,
And I thrill to the Fat Lady's womanly might.

But most of all I'm gonna miss seein'
That ridiculous, jovial, fat human bein'
That man whose business it is to look silly,
That mustachioed clown that they call Uncle Billy.

WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

ELINOR H. OSHRY '48

All the grown folks have turned out
From miles and miles and round about
They come with kids and happy faces
The day seems made for going places
All out to see the circus shows;
Pretty girls with favorite beaus,
Buggies full of ladies gay
Dressed in Sunday's best array,
Hearts so jolly, smiles so bright
Children dancing with delight.

As the band strikes up, one hears
A shout that seems to burst one's ears.
As the clowns come tumbling in,
The juggler's balls begin to spin,
The animal trainer takes her bow,
Here comes the trapeze artist now.
As the last great act appears,
We feel so sad, the end is near,
The finale comes in a blaze of light.
I've never seen a more wondrous sight,
No more cares, no more frowns
When the circus comes to town.

IN HEAH, FOLKS!

BARBARA SHIPPEE '47

"In heah, folks! Right this way!" How many times have I heard these and similar calls guaranteed to bring in customers by the dozens?

These shouts mingle freely with other odd noises to form a chaos of sound which, to an unfamiliar ear, means nothing, but to an initiated person, means just one thing. A circus!

Let's trace one of these cries and find just what is going on.

The crowd is huge and everyone is pushing and shoving someone else; but everyone is in a good mood, so we are able, by using football tactics, to push our way to the front.

The barker is waving his arms about now. He's assuring us that this is "the most marvelous, stupendous, gigantic show on earth, and the tickets (at my left folks) are only fifteen cents. Only fifteen cents to see this wonderful . . ." .

He's off again, and we've already heard it once, so we fight our way inside with the other credulous beings always to be found at a circus.

After a suitably long wait someone appears and waves his arms about, mutters a few meaningless words, and disappears. Then a dog does some tricks. Phooey, Fido can do that! A man who eats glass, a swordswallower and other fakers appear.

We watch them in a happy daze until we realize that we have seen the same things twice already Then we decide that we have seen all that is to be seen in there. Perhaps the stifling atmosphere and the tall man in back of us who is dropping peanut shells down our necks help this decision. At any rate, we admit that we would be better off somewhere else.

Then we squirm and push our way out. Fresh air at last! Our barker is still talking and gesticulating wildly about the wonderful, most . . .

Oh well, we can try somewhere else.

THE BLINDFOLDED AERIALIST

VERONICA LEDUC '48

The days were long and the nights were longer for Blind Tim. Tim was listening to the laughter and hustle, grunts and music, that make a circus a busy place. Tim smiled at every voice he recognized and returned the "Good Morning," or "Howdy, Tim." He'd smile with tears in his eyes. He was ambitious to become a star performer on the trapeze.

Sometimes you could tell what he was thinking of just by the lines of his face. He was highly respected by both man and beast of the circus, but he longed for something greater than that. He wanted someone who didn't take pity on him—somebody who believed and trusted in him, forgetting about his blindness.

Tim had been trained by his father as soon as he had the strength to hold on and the ability to follow his father's directions. Unfortunately before his father had taught him everything he knew, they had an accident which caused his father's death and Tim's blindness.

Since the accident, Tim had tried to find someone to teach him the few tricks he had to learn. He wanted someone who would be able to help him practice and make his dreams come true. "After all," he always said, "I always closed my eyes anyway, I got so scared, and used the alphabet to tell me when to jump." He was always begging to let him show them what he could do and they were always refusing. This made Tim's mother pity him all the more and tell him to forget the whole silly idea of a blind aerialist.

One day during the rest season, Tim vowed he'd try what he always dreamed and planned to do. Carefully he lowered the swings till they were about ten feet from the ground Starting to swing slowly, he'd half whisper A, B, C, D, E, then jump, a bit fearful at first. He jumped again using the alphabet to time himself. After readjusting the swings, he said to himself, "Just think, Tim, your first jump in eight years."

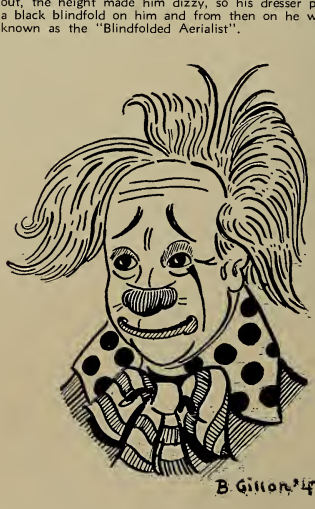
It was about two years later when he was returning from his nightly practice that he fell. Pogo, the clown who was coming to water the animals, found him near the cage where he had rolled. Pogo, puzzled and excited, brought him to Tim's mother and summoned the doctor. Luckily Tim was only scratched and bruised.

When he was well enough, Tim told his mother everything. Hearing this, she decided to teach him the few tricks he didn't know. All the circus folks decided he was good so the owner put him on. He was known as the "Blind Aerialist" He became more and more popular until he was the main attraction of the circus.

A few years later Pogo went around to everyone, except Tim and his mother, having them sign a petition suggesting that the funds from a night's performance be donated for an eye specialist for Tim. The manager, along with the owner, agreed to this.

On Tim's birthday, the eye specialist appeared to operate and it was a success. Tim could see again! He thanked everyone from the depths of his heart.

When Tim climbed to the top ready for his tryout, the height made him dizzy, so his dresser put a black blindfold on him and from then on he was known as the "Blindfolded Aerialist".



LIFE BEHIND THE BARS

JEAN SMALL '46

"Johnny! come here this minute."

"Oh, isn't she cute?"

"What in the world is this animal?"

"Dear me," groaned Sinfi, the mournful, little monkey from her high perch. "Here they come again and before dinner, too. I never could stand guests on an empty stomach."

On they came down the line, pausing only a moment at this cage, dragging themselves away from the next only because of their profound curiosity to see what else was coming.

Sighing, Sinfi decided to curl up and pretend that she was sleeping. Today she would leave the entertaining to Nifti and Gink, who shared her cage. Maybe no one would even notice her.

Soon she heard busy chattering and vigorous play going on around her, then shouts of glee from the crowd. Too curious to pretend any longer, she leapt down to peer at the people surrounding the cage. My, what a funny looking bunch they were.

"Gink, see that great fat woman, isn't she a scream?" she said.

"Oh my stars and cocoanuts," he replied, "look at that man over there with the huge, red nose He's a double for Cyrano."

With this, the two burst into laughter, dashed for the trapeze where they put on a fine act. Thus they amused their audience until the clown with the high silk hat dashed in announcing the show in the big top.

Soon after the keeper arrived, pushing a cart full of every good thing imaginable, and Sinfi decided life wasn't so bad after all.

THE CIRCUS IS COMING

When you see the kids running wild and posters all over town, then you know that you have to take little brother or little sister to the circus.

The big day comes and little brother has on his new blue suit or little sister has on her new red dress while you go dressed any old way at all. At the entrance you shell out for two tickets and so you go in. There are balloons popping and flying loose, popcorn down your back, candy-coated apples stuck in your hair, and little brother or little sister having a wonderful time.

Then little brother or little sister wants to see the show under the big top with all the wild animals and the trapeze artists so you shell out again and you try to get in the entrance. First you get somebody's elbow on the chin. Then somebody kicks you on the shin, or you get a pop bottle over the head, while little brother or little sister just walks right through the crowd of people And finally when you're about ready to drop dead, you find one of those low backless benches. After you sit down, however, you might just as well be back in the midst of the crowd because everybody is stepping all over you, climbing up and down trying to find seats for themselves. You sit through one of the noisiest performances in the world. But brother, what you have to go through to get out after the show!

Once outside, half alive as you may be, the little brat wants to see the side show, so you shell out again and push your way in. All the time you're in there you get such questions as 'Why is that lady so fat?" or "What makes that man so tall?" or "Why are the midgets so small?" Going along trying to answer these ouestions, you shudder as you come to the sword swallower and the snake charmer. Wow! But the kid is getting tired anyway and wants to go home and you are greatly relieved! But on the way out you have to buy a flag, a balloon, a hot dog, some pop corn and candy, and a horn for the kid. But you're going home now and you begin to feel a little better.

Once home and in bed you say to yourself, "Am I glad the circus comes only once a year!"

MAMA'S CIRCUS CAREER

EDMUND GILLON '47

Ever since mama's glands began to swell, and she puffed up to the size of a pup tent, it was a common occurrence for papa and his seven offspring to pile into the old Stanley Steamer and head for the circus.

You see, mama didn't live with us any more. She worked for Barnum and Bailey the year round. I'll never forget the day when we took her down to the station where she was loaded into a freight car bound for the winter quarters of the circus

We all miss her, but we figure that her career as fat lady is worth any sacrifice.

It was a torrid day in July; and as we jogged along the dusty road, we saw in the distance the silhouette of the big top against the blue sky. We drew nearer and I could see the crowd lazily winding in and out of the minor tents, sucking lollipops and candied apples while holding an array of colored balloons.

Finally the car came to a screeching halt and we all piled out. Our clique stood on the hot, hay-covered ground by the ticket window staring wide-eyed at the hub-bub of the crowd mingled with circus folk, while papa secured the tickets. After this essential duty was performed, papa led us down a narrow avenue of sawdust which was formed by two rows of minor tents constituting the side show.

I sighted what appeared to be a baby elephant robed in a pink garment. Imagine my surprise and delight, when I offered the dear thing some peanuts, to discover that it was mama stooping to pick up her yo-yo.

As soon as she recognized us she emitted a scream of joy. After much adoo, amid hugs and squeezes, the lot of us returned to the big top, while mama prepared for her cannon act.

Papa, who was an ex-biology professor and taxidermist, explained the biological classification of each breed of animal, as we marched, single file, through the menagerie.

The show was about to begin, as was evident. Last minute stragglers scrambled for seats. We had no soon seated ourselves on the high elevated bleachers when the first strain of "The Grand Entry," played by the Merle Evans band, was greeted by a foot tapping audience. The show had begun.

I drank in every thrill-packed moment of those three hours. First the acrobats performed to the amazement of the crowd. Then the tumblers followed with magnificent grace, followed by a suspense-filled act between man and ferocious beast from the far-away jungles. Next on the program was the exciting tight-wire act. (I was reminded of Uncle Balfour who met his end when, only half way across the shining wire, his front tire went flat. Alas, poor Balfour. But then, that's what happens to people who are always up in the air). The majestic elephants and the handsome steeds performed incredible stunts. The spectators rocked with laughter at the sight of the side-splitting clowns.

Suddenly the gay, racy tune of the band ceased, and a drum rattled, while the blare of a bugle heralded the next breath-taking stunt. A cannon was

TROUBLE A-BREWING!
SQUEEK
"HERE THEY COME!"
"MISS— YOU GET NO FISH!"
BINGLE BROS.
"HURRY!"
IWO SINN
SNAKE CHARMER
"SNAKES CHARMED WHILE YOU WAIT"
PINK LEMONADE
TAFFEY
HOT 5¢ DOGS
DiGREGORIO
"NO MORE FOR ME!"

rolled into the big tent by a crew of sweaty circus hands. From a side entrance a red-faced man ran to the center of the ring and told the crowd that mama was to be shot from the cannon before their very gaze.

Imagine how proud I was. It isn't every day in the week that a fellow's mother is shot from a cannon. Papa was boasting to anyone in hearing distance that the heroine of this feat was his wife.

A ladder was extended to the mouth of the black, shiny cylinder, and mama, big around as she may have been, was finally stuffed into the barrel of the cannon. A hush fell over the mob and a loud voice counted the time for the firing. A lever was turned to release the spring. A crunching sound was heard but mama remained in the barrel. After much effort, mama was removed.

This incident proved beneficent to mama's career, for now she was not the fat lady but the star midget of the sideshow. You see, she was compressed, by the impact of the spring, to the height of a St. Bernard's belly.

We spent the remainder of the day with poor, little, deformed mama and her freak friends.

Finally, we returned to the old car and, after much cranking, we were on our way home. As we bumped along under the starry sky, the lot of us were all silent, reliving the happy experiences we had so recently enjoyed.

FOR THE KIDDIES

TOM O'BRIEN '46

According to all the best billboards, Alex, the human projectile, was a fearless breath-taking daredevil, but offstage he didn't resemble the sort of fellow who fooled around with devils or even did much breathing, for that matter. He was a short, wiry, almost bashful little man and probably the last person in the world that you would ever expect to see flying out of the business end of a cannon. Yet, you could see him do just that if you watched closely at almost any performance of the Jingling Bros. Circus. He seemed to like his work, but life for him was not all peaches and cream and smokeless gunpowder. There was always Mr. Jingling.

J. (Sensational) Jingling pounded his fist on his desk, nearly upsetting his inkwell and completely upsetting the human projectile's nervous system.

"See here!" he growled, "when you took this job I promised that you'd go places in our organization."

"Yes sir."

"Well you haven't gone anywhere near far enough," roared the sensational one, waving a newspaper clipping in his face. "Look at this. Wrangling Brother's projectile does two hundred and fifty feet against a ten mile an hour headwind. You can't even make two hundred and not a draft in the place!"

"I'm sorry, sir," he apologized timidly.

"You know what this means!"

"No, sir, please not that, sir."

"Yes! A little extra gunpowder never hurt anybody."

"But my teeth, you know," reminded Alex, rattling his bridgework for emphasis.

"Nonsense! Someone will pick em up, someone always does. And then there's the kiddies. You're not going to let the kiddies down?"

Mr. Jingling had struck a weak spot. Alex evidently liked the kiddies. You could tell.

"I suppose not, sir," he said, seeming ashamed of himself.

"All right then, it's agreed. Tomorrow we double the powder charge and you'll do three hundred feet."

"For the kiddies?"

"For the kiddies!"

At the beginning of the next day's performance Mr. Jingling himself came down to watch the human projectile

"You'll get a big kick out of this, Alex," was his attempt at morale building fun as the human projectile climbed nervously into the barrel.

"Oh, no, sir, the man who fires the gun gets a big kick out of it, ha, ha, I get a big bang out of it, ha, ha, ha," Alex whispered, trying to improve his own morale. Then he added more soberly, "A big bang today."

The overgrown popgun let go with a gosh awful roar and the breech split in two. When the smoke cleared away, there was no Alex in the net, only a hole in the tent top; but Mr. Jingling said that there was no connection and that the show would go on.

The kiddies enjoyed themselves immensely.

ADVENTURE

BEVERLY FOX '47

"Mama, mama!" But Mama wasn't there I found, only a big fat woman in a purple spotted dress, chewing noisily on something in a little paper bag.

Oh well, if Mama didn't want to see the circus I did, so I pushed my way past the fat woman and sat down in the eight meagre inches left beside her.

It was terribly hot in the tent and the lady had reclined so that the eight inches shrank to six and I began to wonder why she wasn't in the side show. The man in back of me had his feet, size ten I guessed, between my ribs and to top it all he was smoking a very large, evil-smelling cigar. This was too much so I stood up and floundered over the purple spotted lady, over a young couple who didn't even see me, over a trio of grimy little school boys, and out into the fresh air. What a relief!

There was a long wagon sort of affair with several doors open, standing under a tree, and it looked so inviting that I crept in. Immediately a pretty young girl in a spangled dress flew by me and half stooped, murmuring something about little girls getting lost, and then darted on. Then a man, struggling to adjust a scratchy looking beard, stared at me and said something about the "confounded" New England

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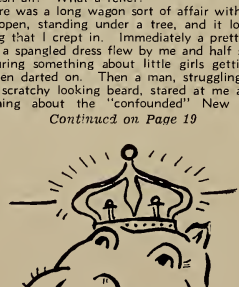


LITERATURE

DEDICATED TO AN EASTER BONNET

PATRICIA ROBSON '45

Can you guess how much you mean
You with color so fresh and green like spring,
And the trees, and grass?

Can you guess how much you hold,
You with veil of woven gold like sunlight,
Gold coins, and burnished brass?

Can you guess what place you take
That you can either steal or break a lady's heart?

Oh yes, dear Bonnet, in you is meant
A precious penny has been spent.
In you is held a hope unborn,
A hope of Joy on Eastern morn;
And bonnets always take a part
Of any winsome lady's heart.

MY IDEAL DAY

HELEN ROTH '45

My ideal day would be spent letting all the mischievous gremlins in my mind have their own sweet way.

Perhaps the more cultural side of my bringing up has been neglected, for I could never picture my ideal day beginning with my hopping out of bed at the crack of dawn to drool at the sun-rise. Therefore, I shall sleep until ten o'clock and have a hearty breakfast before I consider the problem of rising. Having been thus strengthened by food, I may actually poke one foot out into the grim bleakness of the morn before I remember that this is to be my ideal day, roll over, and go back to sleep. So much for the morning.

The afternoon will be spent eliminating those whom I have always considered the most poisonous characters of literature. First on my list would be Mark Antony, a person for whose existence I have never found any legitimate excuse. The ideal moment would be just before his famous oration. Since the Romans were rather bloodthirsty, anyway, a double funeral would probably please them just as well as a speech. Having safely disposed of him, I would then proceed to drown the Ancient Mariner and to cease Ulysses' wanderings forever I am sure my good deed will be appreciated by at least a few persons who would otherwise have been exposed to the learned sayings of these honey-tongued horrors.

After this bit of excitement, I shall spend the evening quietly at home by the fireplace, feeding Dali paintings to the hungry flames. Since a bit of light reading might by appropriate at this time, I would read the funnies and happily discover that Orphan Annie has a new dress and that Ma Cinders has actually stopped kicking Ella around. Finally, to end my perfect day, I would be able to listen to the Frank Sinatra Show starring Bing Crosby as a replacement for Our Frankie (this still being my ideal day, Frankie would have laryngitis).

That is how I would spend my ideal day. Although I may have omitted some important things, I think it would have been fun.

WAIT A LITTLE

PAULINE FRAY '45

Little Eddie Norris sat down wearily on the back stoop of his home.

To all appearances, little Eddie Norris was about the same as any seven year old boy, for he collected stamps and bottle tops the same as any fellow. The sounds issuing from the interior of the house resulted from none other than that American Saturday night ritual, the "friendly" bridge game; and the same game of hide-and seek conducted itself two houses away as it had done for all the midsummer evenings that Eddie could remember and would probably go on for many more.

He smiled a thoughtful smile as his eyes fell on the jalopy standing in the open garage, which closely resembled a zebra that had fallen into a barrel of assorted colors. This was the creation of his big brother Tim, who had joined the Marines two months ago. Tim had been the best one he had even engaged in helping him build model airplanes. Suddenly he found himself guiltily swallowing a lump in his throat and thinking that wasn't the only reason why he missed his big brother.

Tim's jalopy wasn't the only one of that strange species, for there were many in the neighborhood Perhaps the most gruesome one belonged to Jimmy Higgins across the street. At the advent of this

piece of glorified tin, young Butch Higgins had inherited his brother Jim's bicycle. Eddie used to watch him ride it with a strange, tight feeling in his chest.

Seeing Tim's car made Eddie think of the day he too wanted to join the Marines and his mother had tearfully given him three cookies instead of his usual two, as a bargain that he "wait a little."

Yes, little Eddie Norris would have passed as any normal seven year old boy, had not an iron brace exposed itself so cruelly on his left leg.

ST. VALETINE QUEEN

DORIS DUPUIS '45

It was an important event. Everyone was looking forward to it. It was the first time a dance of this kind had been held in the small high school of Rockville.

Lynda Marshall, now a senior, of course wasn't going to miss the St. Valentine Dance. Imagine having a well known orchestra and, more exciting still, choosing a Valentine Queen to be rewarded by a trip to New York. This was indeed unusual to school children of little Rockville. Everyone had the same thought, "Who will be the lucky winner?"

After many discussions pro and con, Lynda finally got her mother to say she could have a new dress and could stay as long as the others did. In the Marshall home there was a steady ringing of the telephone and the front door bell. It seemed to the rest of the family that the frequent telephone calls consisted of a steady stream of tiresome questions, "Are you wearing your brown shoes or your black ones?" "Oh, is she coming, too?" "Are we going to meet in the usual place?" But to Lynda, these conversations were a very serious matter. She would just about go into a rage when Susan interrupted and would even go as far as to mock her, which was usually the case.

Yes, of course, Susan was the young sister, as spoiled as any other young girl of her age. She was also a member of Rockville High but unfortunately only a freshman. This was a handicap, especially when an event of this sort was coming about. Lynda was told she must take Susan along with her crowd. That was enough. Another battle in the Marshall home started. Just friendly of course. It would all work out all right but it was the idea of tagging Susan along with her Not that she didnt like her or was jealous of her. Of course she did come in handy at times. But a freshman tag along—what would the others in her crowd say?

Susan was liked by everyone, perhaps because she was so natural and full of fun, while Lynda was usually serious and tried to make herself believe that she was older and prettier than she was. She was always so sure that she had on just the right amount of makeup and that her hair was just right. Susan, just the opposite, never used make-up and wore her hair in a soft fluffy feather cut.

The important night finally arrived with a great deal of excitement. Lynda fussed more than she ever had before, while Susan merely dressed and brushed her hair and was ready to leave. It was only seven o'clock, so she had a whole hour to watch Lynda get ready. After a whole hour of uneasiness, eight o'clock finally arrived Their mother reminded them that it wouldn't hurt to smile and they left.

The crowd met at the corner drug store and they all headed for the high school. Susan hoped she would have the time of her life, while Lynda just knew she couldn't have a good time with her little freshman sister along.

When they got into the auditorium, the orchestra was in full swing. In a very short time both Lynda and Susan were having a grand time dancing with the rest of the crowd at school. During intermission refreshments were served and a buzzing of conversation filled the auditorium.

At exactly midnight the orchestra leader stepped up to the microphone to announce that the judges were ready to take one last look at the girls before they made their important decision. All the girls looked around the auditorium rather self conscious and excited The important question was, "Who will it be?" Would it be prim little Lucy Saunders, pretty Mary Jane Carstars, poised Lynda Marshall, or the fair Cynthia Parks (even though Cynthia was only a junior)?

There was a steady beat of the drums. The announcer was again up to the microphone, motioning for the crowd to be quiet. In a very clear voice the announcer said, "Miss Susan Marshall is our St. Valentine Queen."

It all seemed unbelievable to Susan. Seniors gasped, juniors looked startled, freshmen cheered! Sister Lynda didn't quite know whether she was jealous or proud of her sister Susan.

Susan walked up on the stage, was applauded, and a special song was played for her. Susan Marshall, the typical American girl, was the St. Valentine Queen.

A BRAVE SOLDIER

PHYLLIS DART '45

"Sgt. Robert Johnson, sir I came to apply for that secret mission you talked about this morning. I can speak German fairly well, sir. You've got to let me go"

The colonel looked up and sighed, "Sgt. Johnson, I must warn you that this is a very important and dangerous assignment. You must go into Rome without a uniform, as a matter of fact, without anything that will show that you are associated with the Americans. If you are caught, you know what will happen."

"I know very well what will happen, but I still would like to tackle it," replied Johnson.

"Very well. Good luck, Johnson."

Several days later the Colonel entered the field hospital, "Is Johnson still alive?"

The nurse nodded and replied, "Yes, but he is very weak and I don't think he'll last long. It's a miracle how he got back here."

The Colonel went to Johnson's bedside where Johnson, through gasping breaths, told all the information that he had been sent for. He told nothing of how he was hurt or about the pain he felt, but the Colonel knew he had gone through a lot.

The Colonel touched his hand and thanked him for the great job he had done for his country. Before he left, Johnson made him promise to send his medals to his father.

They buried Sgt. Robert Johnson with honors. When it was over, the Colonel went to gather up his belongings so he could send them off to his father. As he went through the boy's uniform, he pulled out a newspaper clipping. With an amazed look on his face he said, "Now I understand why Johnson wanted to go on that mission." He read aloud to his secretary:

"Leonard Johnson was arrested today for acting as a German spy against the United States. He was born and educated in Germany. He did not deny any of the charges. He has a son in the Army of the U. S. now serving overseas."

OLYMPIC GAMES

ROBERT R. CARON '48

Zeus, the highest of the Greek gods, was honored for more than a thousand years by the Olympic Games. These were held in July of every fourth year. In later years a traditional list of victors was compiled, going back to 776 B C. Later, time was reckoned from this date, using as units the "olympiad," or four year period between the celebrations.

The games were held in one of the fairest spots in all Greece—the thickly-wooden valley of Olympus in Elis. Through this valley at the base of snow-covered peaks, flows the famous river Alpheus. Temples were built in a sacred grove dedicated to Zeus. Other adornments of this natural sanctuary were statues wrought by the greatest artists of the land. In the most magnificent shrine stood a colossal statue of Zeus. This was built of ivory and gold by the Greek sculptor, Phidias, and is considered one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

Before the contests started, sacrifice was made to the gods. Then the athletes marched across the sacred grove to the stadium where the program was started. A 200-yard dash was the only event at first. A later addition was the pentathlon, a five-fold match consisting of leaping, throwing the discus, hurling the javelin, running, and wrestling Other tests of skill, endurance, and strength were afterwards supplemented, including boxing and a chariot race.

A simple prize was given to the winners, wreaths made from the sacred olive tree which grew behind the temple of Zeus. The originator of the contests, Heracles (Hercules), planted this tree, according to tradition. After being crowned, the victors marched in a gleeful procession around the sanctuary. Their admirers sang, to the accompaniment of the flute, songs of triumph composed for the event by some great poet. When the winners went to their native cities, they were received with unlimited honors. Statues were erected to them and they occupied the places of honor at public events. Often they were exempt from taxes, and in some cities they lived at the expense of the public. Thus their fame was spread both far and wide.

These contests, too, had a religious meaning, as the Greeks believed that man's body had a glory the same as his spirit. They also believed that men could best honor Zeus by developing the mind and the body in co-ordination with one another. The Olympic Games held a great and elevating influence on the lives of the Greeks. A religious agreement was made before the opening of the festival. The agreement was that if any of the cities were at war, hostilities would cease during the celebration. At the festivals people from all over Greece got together. Thus friendship and unity were insured.

The games were abolished in 349 A.D. by the Roman emperor, Theodosius. They were started again in 1896 to promote the ideal of "a sound mind in a sound body," also to promote international friendship, as the previous Olympic Games had done in the ancient Greek world. The games have been held in some world capital or important city since 1896 and usually every four years. They were not held in the war years of 1916 and 1940. Groups of selected athletes were sent from the United States, Japan, the United Kingdom, and practically all the countries of Europe. Over thirty different kinds of athletics and sports were represented. Some were track and field events, swimming, rowing, boxing, wrestling, trap shooting, pistol and rifle shooting, figure skating, and tennis. Women took part in several of the events. In track and field events the athletes of the United States have won a large share of the honors.

It has recently been stated that, assuming that the war will be over by 1948, the International Olympic Committee is making plans to resume the Olympic Games then in some country not now at war. The plans, of course, are extremely conditional. That is something pleasant to look forward to. If the games are properly run and if a good team of athletes comes from every country, including friends and former enemies, they should provide a little soothing for the war's wounds. These wounds will require all the soothing possible

DOMICO OF THE TROJAN WAR

HAROLD PETERSON '48

One day to a poor family in Ithaca a boy was born. He had the strength of Hercules, the speed of Mercury, and the wisdom of Zeus, but the hatred of Mars. His parents named him Domico.

At a very young age, he was always battling with his fellow-comrades. At the beginning of the Trojan War, he was twenty years old. He wanted very much to join up with the forces of Odysseus; but his mother wouldn't let him, so he ran away and joined up with Dimitrios, an unsung hero of the Trojan War. Because of his ability in war he became second in command. In all of his battles he was the favorite of the gods.

The Trojans were pushing the Greeks back to the sea, and in one of these important battles Domico's forces met with Hector's. In this hectic battle Domico's men slew a great number of Hector's men, but Hector fled with the rest of his men.

The second meeting between these two men was a glorious one for Hector. Domico was leading a small scouting party near the gates of Troy when suddenly out of ambush came Hector with a large force of Trojans. In this battle Hector and Domico met face to face. Domico called to Hector, "The Gods have destined us to meet, and one of us shall not live to see his family again."

At this Hector drew his sword and charged. Just as they were about to fight, an arrow from one of Domico's own men struck him in the neck and he fell to the ground. When the Greeks saw their leader had been slain, they fled back to their lines.

After they had fled, Hector put the body of Domico on his horse to bring back to Troy to feed the dogs and vultures.

Domico was a hero, an unsung hero. He died gloriously but did not receive the fame that Hector, Achilles, Odysseus, and many of the other heroes did.

WHO DONE IT

SAMMY ATHANAS '46

Who killed Mortimer? Could it have been Jack or father? It could have been mother, but then Sis could have done it, too. There were Uncle Pete and Aunt Susie and myself, but I know I didn't do it because I loved Mortimer too much.

And to think Uncle Tom was to come to see Mortime this week end. What would he think? What would he say? How was I to replace Mortimer?

Yes, mother had killed him, for I saw her washing off a knife stained with blood. My own mother a killer, a murderess, a butcheress! I thought to myself, "Should I tell father or tell Uncle Tom or Sis?" I knew it was silly to think this way but as I told you before, I loved Mortimer too much to part from him.

Sunday came and Uncle Tom was to see Mortimer. I tried to duck him all day. I noticed that he knew

that before he stopped me and asked me to show him Mortimer. Here was the moment I had dreaded and to think I knew it was coming! Why hadn't I gone to a movie and not come home until Uncle Tom had left? I should have. Then came time for me to tell Uncle Tom the long story.

It started this way, "Uncle Tom I have something to tell you which I don't want to but must. Mortimer lived to be less than a year old and mother—well, that is—mother killed him."

"Killed him?" said Uncle Tom. "Incredible!"

"Yes, it's true, Uncle Tom, and you had part of him for dinner."

"Oh, you silly boy," said Uncle Tom, "I didn't know Mortimer was a twenty-two pound duck."

"HOLY COW"

IRENE LIRO '45

"Holy Cow," Cherry was worried. Whatever made her promise to do a thing like that? She knew very well that she, Cherry Graham, had never been on a horse in her life; but, nevertheless, the date was set to go horseback riding with Jack Nelson, that good-looking blond athlete.

Jack thought that she could ride, and now she just couldn't disappoint him. It was good that the day Jack picked was two weeks off. "If only it would rain or hail so that the date could be put off," thought Cherry. "What in the world can I do? If I only had a horse or even a pony. I can't go to the riding academy, for there's only one around and Jack probably goes there every day. He'd find out for sure that way. I guess I'll just have to face the music."

Poor Cherry. For two long weeks she thought of what might happen on that certain day. "What if the horse should kick me or throw me off, and how do you get on a horse to begin with?"

Then, finally, the great day came. The sun was out, not a cloud was to be found. A perfect day and yet Cherry felt blue. "Today is probably the last day I'll see Jack," she thought. "After he seems what a flop I am at riding, I can't half blame him."

All the way to the dreaded riding academy, Cherry sat glumly. In fact Jack even asked her if she were ill.

They drew up alongside the gate, and saw a large sign which read, "Our horses have been enlisted in the cavalry for the duration.'

"Holy Cow," said Cherry weakly.

"Holy horse," corrected Jack.

FIRST LOVE

PAT ROBSON '45

Spring had arrived, unpacked its valise, shaken out its garments of blue skies, white fluffy clouds, green grass, and nodding daffodils, hung them in view of all those who might want to see, and settled down to stay.

Frances was among those who wanted to see Spring in all its bright fresh finery, for she, too, was tired of the drab late Winter that had seemed reluctant to leave this year. She noticed sure signs of Spring's intention of staying as she walked along, crocuses and daffodils bobbing gaily in the flower bed in front of the house on the corner, a woman energetically washing windows, a fat robin tugging determinedly on a stubborn worm, a store window displaying brightly-colored seed packages, and another already showing Summer fashions. Although Frances had seen these same signs every year, somehow, this year they seemed even lovelier, brighter than ever before, for Frances was in love. She had often heard of the magic powers Spring possesses and the strange spells they can cast over the human heart; but she had never fallen victim to them. Yet, here it was, this warm, wonderful makes-you-want-to-laugh-out-loud, run-and-skip feeling she had never before felt. She tried a few experimental skips; then, ashamed of her outburst, settled back to walking as soberly and dignified as her singing heart would let her.

He was not an intimate friend, this first love of Frances, but they spoke to one another when they met. And, very soon, just around the next corner, she would see him.

Her heart beat more quickly as she turned the corner. Was he there? Yes, his back was turned to her and he was talking to someone. Frances slowed her steps so as to give him time to turn around to see her. But would he? She was so afraid she would get by him without his seeing her and speaking, and if that happened all the joy of Spring would disappear.

But, no! Just as she neared him, as though he had felt her coming, he turned, smiled his warm, friendly smile, and said, "Good mornin', Francie. Lovely day!"

Happiness welled up in Frances' heart so she could hardly speak She managed a shy "Good morning" and hurried past. How kind he was! How handsome in his dark blue uniform with its shining brass buttons. Someday, maybe someday, she would stop and have a real long chat with Patrolman O'Malley! But today, just now, a "Good Morning" was enough to make Frances skip the rest of the way to school.

HAPPY REUNION

CHRISTINA CZYZEWSKI '45

Sandra went quietly down the stairs and out through the sun-porch door. Dew-drops catching the sunshine still clung to lacy cobwebs. The arbor vines, as she brushed them lightly, dropped sudden crystal showers. A spray of blossoms touched her cheeks. She paused to smell them, loving their fragrance, loving the cool touch of the leaves. Oh beautiful morning and beautiful world. Jonny was coming home.

Jonny was coming home. Yes, he'd be home this morning. It was wonderful to think that after twenty-eight long months she'd see him again. Sandra wondered if he had changed. Jonny said he'd been wounded, but just slightly and not to worry. That's why he was coming home.

Jonny—thinking back to the day he left—his new stripes, that khaki uniform of his, those shiny buttons, and smiling. "Chin up" and "I'll be back" were his last words. He meant it, for he was coming today and the world was all new again, all its ugliness gone.

He should be here soon, ten minutes more. He said not to meet him at the station—"you know, it's better to be alone, than have a crowd share our joy with us"

She was wearing the dress he had liked so much. It was a pale green, it always seemed to bring out the starry lights in her gray-green eyes—so Jonny had said, and her hair was more golden yellow when she wore it.

There was a buzz, yes, it was the car, and there was Jonny. What was the matter? Couldn't he walk? He had crutches. Jonny—my little baby brother, no more hikes in the woods together. What did it matter? He was home. And of course I'd still shine his shoes as I've always done so before, even though now there will only be one to shine instead of two. "Jonny, I'm happy to see you," Sandra said, smiling through tears.

A NEW RIP

MARTHA BAGLEY '46

It was a beautiful summer day, and after working in the kitchen all morning, Gramma Davis decided to go up onto the hill in back of bungalow and just rest awhile. But she had not lain there long when she felt drowsy and fell into a deep sleep—a deep restful sleep that lasted not for just that afternoon, but for twenty years

The day, twenty years later when she awoke, was a duplicate of the one which had caused her to go up onto the hill to rest. She got up and started to descend the hill when she noticed a huge, bird-like contraption roaring in the sky overhead. Gramma was scared and threw herself onto the ground in an effort to escape from it. Then the roaring stopped and she got up again and watched it disappear. Was she dreaming? No, for she pinched herself and it hurt. On the road below she noticed some fast moving colorful machines. She pinched herself again. She was awake, she was sure. But what kind of people are these who are walking around with their dresses so short, their hair bobbed, and with red fingernails? And look at those high heeled shoes and no stockings!

Granny Davis was startled and afraid. Her heart beat faster but she was just about to stand up when another contraption roared by; this time it was long and on a track.

All this excitement was too much for granny and her poor heart stopped and she lay down for another peaceful sleep Yes, she died, having seen a few of the inventions which had occurred during her twenty year sleep.

HOME

REGINA BURGESS '47

While he lies in a foxhole on a tiny Pacific Isle, what do you suppose he's thinking of—his next orders, the few feet he helped gain today? No, he's thinking of mail, mail from back home, mail from Candy, his girl, mail from Mom and Dad, mail from his "kid brother," Danny. As he watches the skies from the damp and filthy foxhole, his thoughts turn to home.

In his mind, he can see his own home at 405 Glenwood Avenue in Middleborough. He can see his little brother playing commandos with his neighborhood chums; the flag in the parlor window showing a gold star for his brother, Ted, who was shot down over Germany; and a blue star for himself. He sees his Dad reading the newspaper with his favorite pipe in his mouth. His Mom is out in the kitchen peeling the supper potatoes. Candy is there also. She is showing Mom his letter she received this morning. There is happiness in Candy's eyes as she reads the letter to Mom.

His thoughts now go to the small green and white church on the corner four blocks down. People are going up the stone steps to the evening prayers. Inside, he can see Mrs. Anderson, who lost two sons; Mrs. Clarke, whose son recently left for overseas; and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, whose boy is a prisoner of the Japanese. He recalls the first day he went to Sunday School. How proud he was when he was elected president of his class! He remembers singing in the boys' vested choir. Tears come to his eyes when he sees Mom and Dad kneel down to pray when they come in.

Now he moves to Brownie's Drug Store on Main Street. Mr. Hicks, the proprietor, looks a lot older and has a lot more wrinkles than before. No kids sit in the booths playing the juke box; only a few older patrons come in for medicines and prescriptions Mr. Hicks doesn't smile as he did when the gang used to come in to dance and to listen to Mr. Hicks' experiences.

Traveling through the various avenues and streets, he sees numerous service flags.

In the Town Hall, he can see a small group of citizens planning for the future—the day he and his pals come marching home and the days after.

Ah! The hum of a plane interrupted his musing. He looks up. It's the mail . . . His heart lifts up as he races for the landing field. The names are called. He finds three letters for him, one from Candy, one from Mom, and one from Danny. He can tell Dannny's by the scrawl, Candy's by the neat, fine writing, and his Mom's by the old-fashioned script. As he looks around after reading his much cherished letters, he notices the look of despair on his buddy Steve's face. He knows right away Steve hasn't received a letter from home, so he lets Steve read his. Joy comes over Steve's face.

When he crawls back into his foxhole, he hears the dreaded air-raid siren. As he goes to his battle station, he pauses a moment to look at his letters once more. There is light in his eyes, for he knows this is what he is fighting for—Home!

IRENE

MARY RYDENSKY '46

It was a wonderful day in the small town of Mafield. It wasn't too hot; it wasn't too cold. It was spring, the season of love. You could sense the spring air in people's jaunty walk and cheery hellos.

But this spring feeling did not exist in Tom Halloway. He was depressed and walked as if carried the world on his shoulders. He had asked Alfreda to the Masquerade, which was to be Saturday, and she had refused him. She was already asked by Bob, she said.

"Well," he thought, "I'll just have to go stag and perhaps the old saying 'Those who laugh last laugh best', may apply to my situation."

Saturday night the air was filled with gay laughter, talking ,and soft music.

In one corner of the room was Bob, surrounded by girls, bragging boastfully of some of his deeds on the football field. Glancing about the room, he noticed a lovely girl in a blue gown sitting across the room. She was very pretty with long blond hair. He immediately decided to take the situation in hand and swaggered across the room. He asked her for the next dance and she accepted.

"My name is Bob," he said.

"And mine is Irene," she replied.

He thought that he would impress her by relating his great deeds on the football field, and so started telling them.

It was five minutes after twelve and Alfreda had looked almost everywhere for Bob. When she started crossing the room, she bumped into a girl and as she turned to give her apologies she saw it was Tom. Tom in his sister's blue gown and a blond wig. He was laughing so that tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"Have you seen Bob?" asked Alfreda.

"Yes, he left a minute after the unmasking". Tom managed to say between fits of laughter, "and PLEASE call me Irene."

LOCALS

NOVEMBER 29

Miss Jean Latimer, from the Department of Health in Boston, spoke at the assembly. Her subject was, **How Health Affects What You Want to Get Out of Life.**

A film, **Birth of the B-29,** was shown in the second half of the program.

DECEMBER 4

Miss Polly Chamberlin presented a reading of Dickens' **Christmas Carol.**

DECEMBER 13

With Steve Pappas as master of cermonies, the prize winners of the Charlton Street School entertained at assembly. The program included: Arlene Metras, grade 6, who sang **Time Waits For No One** and **Day After Forever;** Elaine Belmore, grade 6, who played **The Blue Danube** on the piano; and Alice Richards, grade 7, who played two harmonica selections, **The Marine Hymn** and **You Are My Sunshine.**

A motion picture, **The Nazis Strike,** completed the program.

JANUARY 3

Mrs Katharine McGuire of the Katharine Gibbs school spoke on applying for a position. She especially pointed out the necessity and value of an accurate letter of application, neat appearance and good manners while being interviewed, and a thank you letter to the interviewer.

JANUARY 5

At our first paid assembly this year we had the magician, LaFollette. He opened his program with several famous tricks, including the Bobby Jones and the Beads from India. James Roberts and James Rapo assisted him in the second part which consisted mainly of card tricks. The program concluded with a Chinese trick and a poem.

JANUARY 18

Mr. Dion showed three motion pictures on the D-Day Invasion entitled, **D-Day, Cherbourg,** and **The Road to Paris.**

Senior Show Dance. The senior class sponsored a snow dance. Chaperones included Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Lindzay Varnum, and Miss Ruth Norton, Miss Grace Palmer, senior class adviser, was in charge.

The decorations carried out the name with a cotton snow man flanked by wicker baskets filled with white branches glinting in the sparkles of the crystal ball The decorating committee included Paul Richard, Richard Favreau, Jean Cahill, Louise Costanzi, Aime Lacoste, and Roger Lefleche.

JANUARY 24

Professor Illingworth of Clark University presented selections from Russell Davenport's great poem of the present war, **My Country,** and a group of humorous poems: **Kitty's Graduation** by Daly, **The Brod Lacy Hat** by Weaver, and **The Cold** by Guiterman.

FEBRUARY 2

William Wallace, renowned for his phenominal memory, displayed his unusual ability at assembly. He memorized half a deck of cards selected at random by Richard Favreau and Charles Kollios, and mentally added, subtracted, and multiplied large numbers. As a conclusion he distributed Sears Roebuck Catalogues throughout the audience and told the students what the articles were on an page they named.

FEBRUARY 7

Miss Christine Coleman, director of dramatics at Becker Junior College, gave a dramatic presentation of parts of Robert Sherwood's play **Abe Lincoln in Illinois,** which was followed by a humorous sketch entitled **The Three Stages of Married Life. The Battle Hymn of the Republic,** sung by the Boys' Glee Club, concluded the program.

MARCH 2

To such questions as "How soon will the depression follow after the war?" and "What will be the situation of the relationship between Canada and Great Britain after the war?", Paul Reading, former newspaper editor and now executive officer of the Canadian Wartime Information Board, gave interesting and authoratative answers Friday morning at an assembly. The discussion period followed an interesting talk given by Mr. Reading, who related his adventures as a young man in a Canadian mining camp, as a soldier in the first World War, and then as a newspaper man for four years in China.

During the discussion period the four questions, all asked by the boys of the Junior class, were answered expertly by Mr. Reading, proving his knowledge not only of Canadian affairs but also of international affairs. Mr. Reading was also the speaker at Rotary

Club, Friday noon and the lecturer at the evening series, **Our Changing World.**

MARCH 9

Mr. Henry Peterson described the work of women in war-torn China.

MARCH 14

Lieutenant Fred Cook described the work of the Amphibious Engineers in an interesting account of his experiences in Australia and the East.

MARCH 15

Lieutenant (jg) Martin Earls, on leave from his position on a destroyer in MacArthur's Navy, spoke on his journey from California, through New Caledonia, to his boat. New Guinea, its geography and the strategy used in retaking it, along with accounts of encounters with Jap Zeros, formed the main topics of his interesting talk.

AMATEUR SHOW

An Amateur Show was sponsored by the high school for the benefit of the Scholarship Fund. Pauline Guilbeault won the grand prize for her violin selection. Other first prize winners were Rachel Trudeau, song; Ronald and Marilyn Sheriff, dance. Second prize winners in the three groups were Edna Joslin, piano selection; Vivien Ferron, song; Regina Burgess, reading. Lucille Benoit, dance; Barbara Spreadbury, song; Louise LeClair, piano selection, were the third prize winners. Other contestants were Lucille Parent, piano selection; the Voloka twins, violin duet; boys' quartet, song; Pauline Bail, piano selection; Alice Lavigne, song; Irene and Eleanor Fontana ,flute and guitar; Albert Adams, song; Marilyn Gagnon, song with guitar accompaniment; Aline Guillmette, song; Ann Boniface, piano selection; Donald Grenier, song; Jeanne Leblanc, piano selection; Lenore Lariviere, song; Evelyn Wareika, violin; Ethel Hazzard, song and guitar; Marguerite Bastien, accordion; Rita Duff, piano selection; James Mogavero, dance.

Specialty Acts were given by Miss Hedwiga Swiacki, Roger Woodbury, Fred Sibley, and Edmund Gillon.

Fred Sibley and John Simonds were the masters of ceremony. Miss Ruth Norton and Miss Grace Palmer were in charge of the show.

As a result of the show, $198.11 was added to the Scholarship Fund, to which $12 was added by the performance at the Masonic Home.

Members from this list of performers have entertained the Rotary Club, and the members of the Masonic Home in Charlton.

READERS GUILD

The Readers Guild Council have elected students to advisory board to serve from the time of election to their graduation.

The members elected were Barbara Salva and Ernest Duquette, freshmen; Regina Burgess, Charles Bourdeau, and Lionel Clement, sophomores.

Roger Hebert is the President of the Club. Other members of the advisory board are Irene Liro, Barbara Martel, Harold Shepard, and Richard Harwood, seniors; Theresa Swirbliss, Peter Theodoss, and Roger Hebert, juniors.

The Guild will sponsor three one-act plays to be presented April 6 for the benefit of the library fund.

SIXTH WAR LOAN

The Sixth War Loan Drive was sponsored by Our Student Council between November 20, 1944, and December 21, 1944. The goal was a field ambulance costing $1950 upon which was to be placed a plaque stating that Mary E. Wells High School of Southbridge, Massachusetts, had bought it On the upstairs bulletin board was put a ladder showing the progress day by day of the students as they bought bonds and stamps. The goal was reached before the necessary time and we went over the top by $1647.85, making a grand total of $3597.85.

ONE ACT PLAYS

Have you heard about the four one act plays, sponsored by the Readers Guild, that will be presented on April 6, at 7:30 in Wells High Auditorium? The casts are as follows:

Be Home By Midnight by Christopher Sergel

Mr. Jones	Ronald Sheriffs
Mrs Jones	Helen Pienta
Paul Jones	Mason Howlett
Mary Jones	Ramona LeClair
Junior	Vincent Girard

Coached by Miss Flora Tait.

Even Exchange by Paul S. McCoy

Andy Paige	Fred Noga
Effie Paige	Rita Miller
Mrs. Winslow	Elinor Oshry

Coached by Mrs. Dorothy Bartoli.

Goodbye to the Lazy K by Robert Finch

Slim	Myron Hoenig
Bonnie	Barbara Martel
Mr. Lash	Richard Harwood
Tex	Christie Legori
Frisco	John Ferguson
Stub	Nickolas Perikli
Tenderfoot	Harry Chapell

Coached by Mrs. Dorothy Bartoli.

A Wedding by John Kirkpatrick

The Bridegroom	Edmund Gillon
The Best Man	Roger Woodbury
The Bride	Beverly Fox
The Bride's Father	David Westcott
The Bride's Aunt	Edna Joslin

Coached by Miss Ruth Norton.

The money raised by this program will be added to our library fund. Be sure to buy a ticket and feel that you're doing your bit to help.

1946

The class of '46 is now hard at work preparing for the Junior Play, "Lady Spitfire," which will be presented in May. The cast includes:

Miss Prudence	Margaret Jones
Cindy Dale	Veronica DiFederico
Ginger Reid	Olga Cleri
Flobelle Berthon	Barbara Steiger
Kay Sutton	Margaret Dandurand
Tom Brown	Sam Athanas
Bud Jones	Richard Bennett
Jed Buell	Charles Peloquin
Henri DuFrayne	Paul St. Martin
Stephen Sutton	Robert Shaw

The committees now chosen are as follows:

Stage Managers—James Rapo, Albert Brousseau.

Properties—Joy Oker, Act I; Georgette Gatineau, Act II; Victoria Themistocles, Act III.

Book Holders—Louise Leclair, Betty Boudreau.

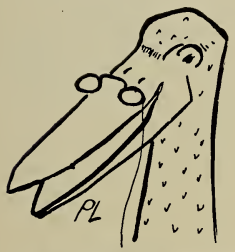
Stage Hands—Mary Jones, Pauline Madore.

Sound Effects—Lawrence Simonds, Charles Kollios.

Make-up—Margaret Douty.

Costumes—Lucille Lusignan.

Miss Grace Palmer is coaching the play. Miss Frances Troy is faculty adviser.



ALUMNI

In Memoriam

EDWARD JOHN LESNIEWSKI, Wells '41

ENSIGN IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

Congratulations to Berg Paraghamian, former teacher at Mary E. Wells, on his promotion to Captain in the Army. Capt. Paraghamian is stationed in England and his address is:

Capt B. Paraghamian, O-873313
18th Weather Sq. Det. 343
A.P.O. 633, N. Y C., N. Y.

From Captain Berg Paraghamian, 18th Weather Station

The present Senior class were freshmen when I was there, back in February, 1942, and after they graduate this June, all the remaining students will be strangers to me. I would never have thought that I'd be away that long.

Sincerely,
BERG PARAGHAMIAN

Congratulations to John Young, class of '43, who is now a lieutenant in the Army Air Corps on completion of his training. The following announcement was received by Mr. Robertson:

The Air Corps Advanced Flying School of Foster Field announces the graduation of Class 45 A Sunday morning, March eleventh, nineteen hundred and forty-five. Foster Field, Texas.

Lt. John N. Young 1108090
Class 45A. Section H.
2539 A. A. F. B. H.
Foster Field, Texas.

"Boy, what a place this is! I'm out here in the desert again and Muroc Field sure is desert! It isn't warm out here though. In fact, I was wearing a big jacket and gloves this morning As for time off, I get twenty-four hours every six days. Los Angeles is 85 miles from here, so I guess I'll be spending all my time off right here on the base. I've got my whole crew now and they are a swell bunch of guys. The first pilot is from Oregon, the Co-Pilot from California, and the rest of the gunners come from all over the country. But, guess what, the Belly Turret is from New Jersey! We are now in our last phase of training before going overseas. Won't be long now."

BOB DARGIE '43

France
Oct. 19, 1944

Right now we're occupying what's left of some French barracks. These were used for the last four years by the Germans and the walls are full of quotations from famous German men such as Frederick the Great, Hindenburg, Hitler, Goering, ad infinitum. We are sleeping on wooden beds. We have no mattresses but no one minds too much, it's wonderful just being indoors.

. . . The farther we progress the more we notice the change in the attitude of the civilians toward us. Back in Normandy they used to offer us the town and everything in it, but here in Alsace they seem to be Nazi sympathizers to some extent, and they charge outlandish prices for simple articles.

We have a daily visitor here. It's a German recon plane that comes over every night between 10 P. M. and midnight. We call him "Bedcheck Charlie" and assume that he's checking up to be sure that we're all okay. Darned nice of him to take an interest in us

1ST LT DONALD C. KARLE '35

Dan'l was lucky again. I've received twenty-nine letters or more in the past two and one-half days. How's that for applesauce? Golly, it's wonderful to have 'em all come at once—but when it's like that, there's usually quite a wait between batches. It sure is a happy day when they come . . .

There have been quite a few days when I haven't been able to write—too much to do. Here's how we stand. We rate twenty-three Radio Technicians or so on board and we have five, only three of us having gone through the school and the other two R. T.'s being chiefs, one in Radar and the other our chief. We're losing one of our best men who is

going back soon to go through the school. Besides the five of us, there are three strikers—fellows learning it on ship. So you can see it's no fun at all—just plenty of work all around.

DANIEL R. ROBSON, R. T. 3/c
U. S. S. San Francisco, Pacific

I guess that you have heard about the Palaus Islands being taken by American forces. Well, we were there and saw quite a bit of excitement Our boat went in with the first wave and anchored about 75 yards off shore, which was a bit too close for comfort as we later found out. The naval forces shelled the island before we hit and that really was a sight. We passed by some of our ships shelling the beach and the bombardment was something less than terrific. When he drew nearer the beach, we saw the damage they inflicted on the beach. In the center of the beach was a small jut of land that was of solid rock and when they got through with it, there was a crevice in it big enough to drive a Mack truck through. The tops of the trees had been leveled off to diminish the number of snipers which could have been there, but not all of them were so leveled. Things were going too easy for us and for the rest of the men. The next morning was the time it started. The Japs had filtrated through our lines and had taken sniper positions in the good trees. We were roused out of our sacks early in the morning because they started opening fire on us We had to clear out of there fast when they started using some large guns on us which were equal to our three-inch gun. We couldn't fire back because of the danger of hitting our own troops, so we just had to sit and take it. It finally cooled down and we resumed our activities. One funny incident happened to me, which wasn't funny at the time; I had had the last watch and when the officers come "topside" I was relieved so I stretched out on the deck to get some sleep. I was sleeping pretty sound, I was told later, when I heard somebody yell, "Here they come!" I didn't know what was coming, where it was going or why, but I didn't wait to find out. I simply opened the weld of our boat, right smack on top of our officer who was getting under cover like the rest of us. There was no time for formalities then. All in all, we came through pretty good. It felt pretty good getting back to our "home" after that

I guess you have also heard about the invasion of the Philippines. We were in the first wave going in there, too. Being in that invasion surely made us feel as proud as probably the men on Normandy felt; it also made the war a bit nearer the end. This invasion was even bigger than Normandy. From the reports coming in, it looks like the 24th Division is making history in there now. An exciting thing that happened there for us was the air attacks. We had about eight of them and nearly double the number of alerts. They weren't harmful ,though. The other thing was what I have been waiting to see since I have been out here. The second or third day in, our cox-un saw a boat coming in with men which he took to be a working party we asked for. They passed by us about a yard to our stern. Lo and behold, there was the big man himself, General Douglas MacArthur, with his staff! The man on the beach didn't know who they were, and when they asked for an amphib tractor to come out to take them ashore, he said, "Can't you walk? Go on in, the water's fine." So they did just that. The photographers were the first ashore and took his picture as the ramp came down and he waded ashore. If you see any pictures of that, send me one as I think our boat is pictured in it, for we were in direct line with them. They had a hard time keeping up with his long stride. They say that when he walked along the road, Filipinos who had never before seen him, knew him at once and gave him greetings. They really like him an awful lot.

RICHARD F. RYDENSKY, RM 3/c '43
Somewhere in the Pacific

Yesterday I lived through quite an experience. We stood out in the rain in our fatigues, leggings, helmets, rifle, and full pack for forty minutes, and boy, it sure rains down here

Our camp is really a dump. It is made up of huts, not barracks. They contain six men, and the walls are only one layer of celatex (that is like cardboard). One stove is also in the place. The huts are on blocks about three feet off the ground, so that the effect is like native huts. All around them are ditches dug two feet deep, especially along the walks which run straight between the huts. The grounds are completely gravel with the exception of a few willow trees here and there.

PVT. JEAN BOURDELAIS, '44
Camp Joseph T. Robinson

Jean has since volunteered for the paratroopers.

". . I met 'Chico' Berthiaume a few days ago. Small world after all, isn't it and boy were we surprised! ! He didn't even know I was in the Navy. We were only together about 15 minutes but promised to meet again soon." .Incidentally, Arthur and Chico have met quite a few times since this letter was written and thoroughly enjoyed talking about their old hometown.

F. A. DUBREUIL, S 1/c '44

"The field is about 45 miles from Fresno. It's the only decent town near the camp. Fresno is quite a large town, the population being from 70,000 to 80,-000. They have a very nice U. S O. too. As a matter of fact I think its one of the best I've ever been to.

They say chow is very good here. I can't really judge on that yet as I've only had one meal but I can say I had the best hot dogs I've eaten in this man's army . . "

PFC. ROBERT BASTIEN '45
Lemoore, Calif.

England,
August 3, 1944

Dear Dad:

Due to the fact I have been so busy in the past few months. I never did write you anything about France. Since censorship prohibits mentioning names of towns, dates and military equipment, I will limit this letter to my own personal experiences and opinions.

My first glimpse of France was some time after D-Day. The beaches were covered with tanks, trucks and men; the water was black with ships; and the sky was blanketed with barrage balloons. We climbed over the side of the ship into landing boats and proceeded to the beach. It was a very wet ride but at least there was no enemy activity left. The beach had been cleared of mines and the dead, but had been replaced by long lines of prisoners and rows of wounded.

We marched inland until we arrived at a good place to set up for the night. It was one of the few places that didn't have the skull and crossbones with the words "Actung Minen," a German sign found in the minefields which the Germans didn't tear down in their hasty retreat. It was here that I dug my first foxhole in French soil. After eating a K ration, I lay down and went to sleep only to be awakened by a strange rumble in the sky which was now

Continued on Page 22

SPORTS

BASKETBALL SQUAD OF 1944-1945

The centers were Peter Theodoss, Christie Legori, Lloyd Thibeault, Alabaski.

The forwards were Roger Herbert, Hank Remain, Mike Ziu, Duquette, "Lonny" Simonds, "Neco" Parikli, Marinelli, Sullivan, Keech Metro.

The guards were Bob Shaw, Johnny Soter, Vic Peloquin, Alex Noga, Edmund Voloka, Keyes, Metras, Peterson.

Fred Noga is Basketball Manager

THE TEAM

Fred Ferron, the capable new coach of the Wells high basketball squad, entered Wells as a pupil with no practical knowledge of basketball. Here under Coach McMahon he learned and practiced the fundamentals so well that in his senior year he was a standout player. After leaving his Alma Mater, he played with town semi-pro teams where he learned many new points of the game. He has now been appointed to pass on some of his knowledge.

WELLS—36 WOODSTOCK—24

The Wells squad travelled to Woodstock to play its first game of the season. Every member of the green Wells team played a bang up game for the opener. Bob Shaw, one of the experienced members of th team, set the pace with 12 points, closely followed by a beginner of the court, "Clem" Hebert, who rang up a nice 10 points.

Johnson and Staveski were constant threats and kept the boys on the alert.

The Wells seconds, led by Chris Legori, also took their opener by a score of 33 to 23.

WELLS—17 SPENCER 24

Wells met the favored and more experienced Prouty team on its home court at West Street. The fans, turning out in great numbers, hoped that the home team would show the same spark they displayed in their first game to upset the stronger Spencer five, but went home disappointed. Pete Theodoss, the consistently dependable scorer, was the only player to show anything by tallying his 5 points. Roger Huard, captain and star of the visitors, proved his ability by scoring 7 points. Correia, the other visiting forward, displayed beautiful long shots that didn't even touch the rim and tied Huard's 7 points.

The seconds lost a close game, score 21 to 28.

WELLS—17 POMFRET—40

Our boys hoped to beat their third opponents. They went to Pomfret, opened the doors of the gym, saw giants dropping the ball through the nets, and so found their hopes slightly depleted. The boys, after a close first half, tried desperately to hold off the scoring spree of their opponents in the second half but found it impossible. Every ball that hit a backboard was pulled down and worked into a score by the tall opponents. In this game the comparative shortness of our boys proved to be a losing factor. Johnny Sotir sank three long shots in the first quarter and was high scorer with his 6 points.

Hashell, the 6'5" center, played the backboard. He registered 15 points to lead his team to victory.

WELLS 22 ST. LOUIS—44

The first meeting of the home and home series between Wells and St. Louis took place at the West Street court. St. Louis' five starters were members of last season's great squad which nearly took top honors in the Catholic League. Wells' Shaw and Theodoss being the only two remnants of our last year's starting five gave us slight disadvantage in experience.

Johnny Sotir, a good defensive man, seemed unable to hold "Red" Coyle during the first half of the game, but made it tough for "Red" in the second half. Ducharme, a dead eye on long shots, scored 14 points, only 5 less than his teammate, Coyle. Pete Theodoss, our dependable center, tallied 9 points and was tied by our hard fighting "Clem" Hebert who played ball over the floor and kept our opponents on their toes.

Our seconds, spurred on by Chris Legore who scored 14 points, came out on top, 28 to 21

WELLS—47 WELLS ALUMNI—32

An unorganized team of veterans from former Wells squads, provided our boys with a good practice game. The Alumni led the first half, but in the second our boys blew up and scored 37 points to come out on top. "Jerk" Girouard, Sammy Vangel, Sam Themistocles, Charlie Venie, and "Fat" Caprera were the accommodating boys who made up the Alumni five.

WELLS—19 BARTLETT 40

Playing before a capacity crowd at Webster the Wells five bowed to a strong Bartlett team 40-19.

The traditional rivals had too much height and too much basketball savvy for our boys.

Wells trailed 9-1 at the first quarter, 22-7 at the half, 39-14 in the third stanza, and 40-19 in the final chapter.

Begreen, of Bartlett football fame, was high scorer for the night with 17 points, while Pete Theodoss, our valiant leader, scored six points and played fine defensive ball for the losing cause. "Clem" Hebert and Bob Shaw fought hard to hold their fast opponents.

WELLS—24 ST. LOUIS—41

Having lost to St Louis on their home gym, the Wellsmen expected a worse trouncing on their opponents' home floor. At the end of the first quarter it looked as if we might still see a close fought contest rather than a one-sided affair. But Ferron's boys could not keep up the pace, and the outcome was much the same as the first game.

Johnny Sotir was on the ball this game, and stopped Coyle from taking high scoring honors. Our reliable

Hebert and Theodoss combo were the top scorers for the losing side.

WELLS—28 TOURTELLOTTE—50

The Wellsmen, playing without the valuable services of Roger Hebert and Peter Theodoss, seemed doomed to an unmerciful lacing. And that's just what happened. The Crimson and Gray five came out on the short end of a lopsided score, 50-28.

Fatsi, the set shot artist from Tourtellotte, took high scoring honors by netting 16 points. "Chris" Legori, filling Pete Theodoss' shoes at center position, did an excellent job and was Wells' high scorer with 9 points.

WELLS—23 SPENCER—38

At the Spencer gym, one of the most exciting games of the season was played. The first quarter found the Wellsmen unable to get started, and ended up 3 to 12 In the second quarter the boys were still slow and found themselves on the short end of an 8 to 19 score.

Coach Ferron's pep talk put a lot of fight into the boys, for they came out and played with renewed spirit, so much so that if the whole game had been played in the same manner the outcome might have been entirely different. "Keech" Metro, a good little hoopster, not only held Spencer's high scoring ace, Huard, down to 2 points, but also was second high socerer of his team with 6 points. Hank Remian displayed some nice ball handling this game and was high scorer with a total of 11 points.

WELLS—22 TOURTELLOTTE—42

Wells met Tourtellotte for the second time on the opponents' home gym.

Throughout the first half Wells kept the score fairly even and held a one-point lead in the score of 12 to 13 at the half. In the third quarter John Sotir went out on fouls, and Tourtellotte took and held the lead at the end of this period 19 to 21. Early in the last stanza, Bob Shaw was benched on fouls. Then the two forwards, Fatsi and Bates, whom Shaw and Sotir had held so well, broke lose and together scored the winning 21 points in this quarter.

WELLS—16 BARTLETT—44

The second game of the series between Bartlett and Wells was a lopsided tilt, with the Green and White taking Wells over by an easy 44 to 16 victory. Wells showed very little fight before a small crowd at the West Street gym and was easily overpowered by the more experienced Webster five.

Condos led the Webster attack with 18 points.

WELLS—25 PUTNAM—26

In the most hectic game of the season the Ferronmen dropped a heart-breaking 26-25 decision to Putnam High.

During the course of the ball game at no time did more than two baskets seperate the teams.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team, under the coaching of Miss A. R. Norton, consists of first team: Captain Mary Dinovelli, Rita Leduc, Irene Liro, Pauline Proulx, Catherine Costa, and Helen Deyo; second team: Captain Helen Pienta, Bertha Milczewski, Helen Boucher, Lorraine Proulx, Mary Piccone, Rita Duff, and Louise Benoit.

Managers are Constance Martel and Mary Woulas.

WELLS—24 SPENCER—27

The Wells lassies started their basketball season with a breath-taking game with the Spencer girls, in Spencer. The game was close all the way, both teams being about evenly matched in all positions. At the end of the first half, the score was 13-13. Somehow, the Spencer girls managed to score 3 points more than the lassies and gained a victory over Wells. Catherine Costa was high scorer with 14 points.

The second team won with a score of 24-5 over the Spencer team. Here, Captain Helen Pienta was high scorer with 11 points.

WELLS—29 CHARLTON—15

The Crimson and Gray lassies started their winning league in a triumphant game with Charlton. The Wells girls played a smooth game and had little difficulty in defeating their opponents. Catherine Costa was high scorer with 12 points, and Rita Leduc scored 10 points.

WELLS—13 OXFORD—26

Wells again suffered a defeat at the hands of a stronger Oxford team in Oxford. Although our guards, led by Captain Mary Dinovelli, played an outstanding game, the Oxford girls were too much for them. The swift long shots of the opposing team handicapped the Wells girls so that Oxford chalked up to 26-13 score.

The second team won its second game with a 25-10 score in Oxford. Again Captain Helen Pienta led as high scorer with 11 points.

WELLS 32 CHARLTON—11

The Wells lassies in their return game with Charlton again defeated them. In the first half Wells led with 16-1 score but the Charlton girls later scored a few more points. Rita Leduc led with 14 points, and Irene Liro scored 10 points.

WELLS—19 OXFORD—34

Wells again suffered a defeat with their arch rivals, Oxford. At the end of the half, the Wells girls kept Oxford down to a score of 15-12, but somehow the opponents were too much for them and the lassies were defeated 34-19.

The undefeated second team won their third game of the season, over Oxford, with a score of 28-24. Although Oxford girls were close behind, the Wells team took the lead all through the game. Captain Helen Pienta and Helen Boucher both tallied in 13 points.

WELLS—12 SPENCER—20

The Wells lassies ended their season with a defeat from Spencer. The lassies put up a good fight and tried to hold down the Spencer girls but Spencer was always one step ahead of the lassies.

The Wells second team fell prey to a stronger Spencer team and were defeated 17-11.

BOWLING

Mary E Wells High School—Summary of Bowling For First Half Year

Teams	Team Ave.	Team Pts.
Indians	95	42
Captain Roger LaFleche		
Sturbridge Sharpshooters	95	41
Captain Robert Provost		
Big Five	86	39
Captain George Thibeault		
Whirlaways	86	33
Captain Sylvio Durocher		
Globe Dairy	85	33
Captain Fred Noga		
Co-eds	85	32
Captain Charles Bourdeau		
Noisy Five	83	29
Captain Robert Archambeault		
Dead Sticks	81	27
Captain Albert Palawski		
Lazy Five	79	27
Captain Charles Agard		
Gremlins	78	29
Captain Irene Liro		
Bowlerettes	77	24
Captain Pauline Bail		
Flattops	74	25
Captain Rachel Shepard		
Gutter Snipers	74	24
Captain Patricia Robson		
Toppling Five	74	18
Captain Allan Jodrey		
Lucky Strikes	73	15
Captain Rita Martel		
Solid Senders	71	10
Captain Phyllis Lemmelin		
Whizzettes	70	19
Captain Jane Farquahar		
Blue Ribbon Five	70	10
Captain Rita Duff		
Pin Boys Delight	69	6
Captain Joy Oker		
The Dreamers	68	9
Captain Pauline Roy		
Hit-or-miss 'em	68	5
Captain Regina Burgess		

Highest Single String:
Boys—Edmond Voloka 134
Girls—Irene Liro 132

Highest Team Total:
Sturbridge Sharpshooters 1482

Highest Averages for first half year:
Roger Lafleche ..... 95 for 18 matches
John Duffy 95
Harold Shepard 94
Sylvio Durocher 94
Irene Liro 93

Bowling Committee: Fred Noga, chairman; Harold Shepard, Irene Liro, Charles Bourdeau, Anne Marie Langevin.

Faculty Adviser: Mrs. Dorothy L Bartoli.

Champion Boys Team: Indians, Captain Roger LaFleche. Second Team: Sturbridge Sharpshooters, Captain Robert Provost.

Best Co-ed Team: Whirlaways, Captain Sylvia Durocher.

Best Girls Team: Gremlins, Captain Irene Liro.

COME TO THE CIRCUS—

Continued from Page 7

summers being worse than Florida, and rushed outside.

I was beginning to feel very much alone when a tall thin man, surrounded by a dozen or so people, came barging around a corner. When they stopped the man yelled, "What are we going to do? Jumbo won't move unless a little person rides him and the midget's son is sick." Then he looked at me and I thought that the end had come. He grabbed me and rushed into the back of the big tent, up to a huge grey elephant, and handed me up to a native boy.

I was never so frightened in my life. My stomach was tied in knots and if I had opened my mouth I'm sure my heart would have popped out. The boy explained that all I had to do was sit tight and smile and not be afraid because he was right there. Then he put a crown of flapping white feathers on my head and handed me a little whip which I don't know how I held onto. Soon he crawled down and sat on Jumbo's head and the procession started.

I began to feel better and by the time we had reached the ring I felt wonderful.

I smiled and waved to everyone including the purple spotted lady who nearly dropped her peanuts when she saw me.

Then I heard a scream and saw a familiar looking woman being carried out by two police men.

It was just like mama to faint, anywya.

THE CIRCUS WAS A NOISY PLACE

CLARE TULLY '48

Although the crowd was a lazy one on this hot day, the circus people sprang to vivacious life inside the Big Top. The cymbals crashed, the drum rolled, and the tinny bugles blared their marches, while the children's feet kept time. When the music died away, the show began. The effortless swish-swish of the trapeze artists contrasted silently with the dull, heavy tread of the elephants, dancing clumsily to the time of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." At the conclusion of the act, the audience clapped half-heartedly while crunching candy and popcorn. The loud music played for the grand finale. The crowd trickled out into the hot sunshine.

HEY! MISTER

BERNARD McMAHON '46

Hey! Mister. Have you heard about the wonderful bargain you can get? It is absolutely the most amazing bargain offered since they wanted to sell the Brooklyn Bridge. But no strings are attached here. Absolutely not. You almost double your money in 1-10 of a century. Besides that, you are also safeguarding your future.

You say you want to get in on this stupendous bargain? Well, I'll tell you how.

See Page 22.

PRATTLE

ROOM 126 AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK

ANNE LALIBERTE '45

If any of you corridor wanderers want to have some free entertainment the first thing in the morning, then hustle over into room 126.

Aline Langevin is usually the first to enter, that is of course after our teacher, Miss Fitzgerald. The other early birds will find these two talking about the amount of snow in the good old country village of Sturbridge.

We usually don't see too much of our great football player, Mike Hoenig. He dashes in long enough to put his books on his desk and then out again even faster to see that certain someone.

The morning wouldn't be complete without the teasing between Helen Hamilton and Dick Harwood. He usually has a comment about her latest hair-do, and of course Helen wouldn't let it go by without a remark about **his** tie.

Bill Cuneen usually strolls in sometime or other to talk over the latest Algebra problem with **Ace** Richard Favreau.

The entrance of Donald Gervais is especially welcomed by those eager students who are doing their best to learn **how** to pronounce the French language.

A doubtful look appears on Miss Fitzgerald's face when two more of our great football heroes, **Stretch** Lacoste and Roger **Normand** Lafleche enter without that **certain** excuse and with that very innocent look on their faces.

Beverly Kezar and Claire Calipeau certainly contribute their bit to the merry making with 'Did you buy your stamp this month?" or "Have you donated to the American Red Cross yet?"

Two vacant seats recall to our memory two boys now serving in Uncle Sam's Navy, Richard Genereux and Allan Jodrey.

In every homeroom you are sure to find a few people interested in studying before the passing bell. In room 126 you will discover them to be Pauline Fray, Shirley Feldman, and Alice Keenan.

Gladys Hebert eventually enters with an armful of books, and is immediately noticed because of that **gay** personality of hers.

If you glance over to the windows, you will notice that the curtains are **just so**—thanks to the keen eye of Officer Richard Evans.

Janice LaRochelle usually gets to school quite early just to walk around in that snappy sailor hat. I wonder who he can be?

The happiness of the senior class is found in the eyes and smile of Lorraine Larochelle.

Theresa Kornasky is another early bird, but she doesn't stay any longer than to deposit her books and make her daily rounds.

We are very glad to have Joan Laliberte back after recuperating from a broken ankle; now we'll hear the latest on Dear Brother Bob.

We couldn't call it a complete morning unless we had a visit from the class clown, none other than the great William Presutti. He usually wanders over to the football players to catch up on the latest.

To end our early laughs of the morning, we must give credit to Alice Girouard, who **just** about makes it to her seat, **after** the morning exercises. But alas! she is stopped just in time by the quick eye of our homeroom teacher.

ALWAYS BE GAY

MARY RITCHIE '45

The waves flow high
The waves flow low;
Whether it rains
Whether it snows;
Where ever I am
Where ever I go;
What ever I do
What ever I say;
I'll always remember
Always be gay.

THEN IN THE SPRING

MYRON HOENIG '45

You know cold spells come on very fast in the state of Maine. Well, George thought that he would go in for a swim one day during the fall, about the last of September. So he did. When he was half way across the lake, a cold spell came on. He did not know whether to continue swimming or wait a few seconds and walk across on the ice. He decided to swim for shore—but the ice started to form, so he dived under the ice.

That was the last of George and everyone mourned him.

Then in the late spring, about April, who should up but George! Everyone wanted to hear what he had to say. George said that when the ice started to form, he dived under the ice. While he was swimming around, he came to a beaver's home. It was so cozy he thought that he would stay with them for the winter.

Do you know that George learned so much from the beavers about building dams that he is one of the best dam builders in the whole doggone state of Maine?

SHE IS A SENIOR GIRL

ALINE LANGEVIN '45

She has neat hair
And eyes of blue
A face quite fair
And a cute nose, too.

She isn't too small,
Just right I'd say
And not too tall
But perhaps, someday—

She's the outdoor type
And loves to swim
And talk of a hike,
Boy, she'll pitch right in.

She loves to dance
And never has the blues,
For with her Vance
She dances off her shoes.

School commences at eight,
Though you'd never know,
For in she struts, late—
And to the office she goes.

She doesn't hate school
But would much rather be
High on a hilltop
Where it's nice and breezy.

SOPHISTICATED SOPHOMORES

ANN TOBIA '47

Our freshman year is finally over,
And we enter our sophomore with a four-leaf clover,
To help us win the luck and fame,
Which all we students wish to claim.

We look down, scornfully, on the freshman class,
For we know that we are superior at last;
And as the freshmen walk down the hall,
We treat them as though they weren't there at all.

But deep in our hearts, one and all
Wish we were the freshmen who entered this fall,
For all of us know our first year was fun,
Even tho' the upper classmen did scorn and pun.

To be "Sophisticated Sophomores", oh, my, what a thrill,
We thought, when we were freshmen still;
But now that our dream has come true,
We find ourselves unpopular and blue.

But Sophomores, walk around with a smile,
And you will find in a little while,
You will finally have to admit,
School is what you make it.

LION AND SEAL

The lion, a great beast of prey,
Is the king of the jungle, they say
But the way he roars
As the crowd past him pours
Is not kingly conduct, I'd say!

The seal, as everyone knows
Is a favorite wherever he goes
He catches a ball
With no trouble at all
Right on the end of his nose!

SAY IT WITH MUSIC

CONNIE MARTEL '45

Don't Believe Everything You Dream—Permission to chew gum in school.
Don't Fence Me In—After School.
I'm Making Believe—Never worry about reports.
Where Memory Dwells—Detention.
I Love You—Good Report.
I'll Be around—Assembly Period
I'll Get By—"65".
How Sweet You Are—A good mark.
Sweet and Low—Test Marks.
My Shining Hour—Detention?
You're So Good to Me—Passing Mark.
I Couldn't Sleep a **Wink Last Night**—Worrying about a test.
You'll Know That It's Me—Excellent Attendance Record.
One More Smile—Over the Week-end.
Do You Know—During a Test.
Soft-Hearted—Excused from Detention.
It All Comes Back to Me Now—After a Test Period.
Mister Lucky Me—A's and B's
I'm Confessin'—Skipped School.
There's a Ray of Sunshine—12:30 Bell.
Thoughtless—Oral recitation.
You've Got Hold On Me—Mr. Robertson.
All I Need is You—Brains.
It Was Written in the Stars—Answers to a test.
I'm Longing For You—Week-end.
I'll Be Seeing You—8 a. m
Do I Worry?—Before Reports.

INEVITABLE

NATALIE TONNER '45

Why do we worry?
Why do we fret?
There was never a storm
That hasn't cleared yet.
We may have blizzards
And we may have rain
But we'll always have Spring
And Summer again.

THE CIRKUS

NATALIE HAZELTON '47

the cirkus iz ware peepul go tu see the akrobats and the elafunts and the clownz du triks. Also they go tu see the sideshow and tu eet.

usualee it iz hot at the cirkus and so there iz a thunder showr. Then evree wun runz intu the big tent until the showr iz over. The big tent iz ware the akrobats and the elafunts du triks and also the clownz. The abrobats do triks like swinging thru the ayr and katching eeech othur. The elafunts du triks like marching around the ring in the center. The clownz in a cirkus ar funee tu. They make fases and du funee things like dressing up in babies close and manee othur aks.

the sidesho is gude becuz there are such kweer and unusual things there. For example there ar the man who swalloz fier and the fat ladee and the thin man and many othur strange peepul. I dont think thay have much on my famerlee tho.

The cirkus is vary trying on ole peepul and fun for littul childrens. I think the cirkus is lotsa fun.

ALUMNI—

Continued From Page 16

covered with tracers and flak. This convinced me it was a Jerry. He dropped a few flares and disappeared. As usual, it was raining. It rains everyday in France; twice on Sundays.

The next day we moved on to a replacement depot. All the the fields were jammed with gliders or pieces of them. There were many dead cows which were very potent there also. It was not far from here where I attended Mass in a French church. It was a small, stone building with very simple furniture. Although the church wasn't damaged, this area showed signs of fierce fighting. All the trees were cut down to stumps and the green grass was nothing but shell holes or bomb craters covered with tangled masses of metal

It was not long before I was assigned to a division. It was the best known division in France and had also been in Africa and Sicily. Everyone thought it was a good break to get with a good fighting outfit. We got into open trucks and headed for the rest area where the division was reorganizing after its long battle. It was a long ride and we passed through many towns. It was my first sight of liberated towns; better known as eliminated towns for they were nothing but ruins. The smell of smoke and dead was terrific. All along the road the French people were returning to their homes hoping perhaps theirs were not hit by the bombardment.

Love,
STEVE LARIVIERE '41

Ensign Nina Hobson, Wells '39, is stationed at the supply school at Radcliffe College. Ensign Hobson was the first Southbridge girl to enlist in the service and is the first to rise from the ranks to officer.

LOCALS—

Continued from Page 14

GLEE CLUB

Thus far the Glee Clubs have had a very busy year. Here is a list of some of the fine musical programs given by them under the leadership of Miss Priscilla Drake.

Nov. 8—Parents' Night—Music and a minuet by the Senior girls.

Dec. 5—Rotary Club—Singing by the Boys' Glee Club.

Jan. 5—Women's Club—Program by the Junior and Senior girls

Feb. 12—Grange—Boys' Glee Club.
Sturbridge Men's Club—Mixed quartette

Mar. 2—Lecture—Program by the Boys' Glee Club.

Mar. 9—Lecture—Sophomore members of the Glee Club.

Mar. 16—Lecture—Freshmen.

Mar. 16—Redmen's—Boys' Glee Club.

Mar. 23—Lecture—Junior girls.

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To

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for her friendly and
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the Class of 1945
dedicates this issue of

The Crimson and Gray

The Class of 1945 Must Look to the Future

Liberty for all the freedom loving people of the world is now assured. How long it will take our nation and her allies to bring this about is problematical. But one fact is true —the freedom of the oppressed, for which our men have fought and died, has been accomplished in the European theatre and soon will be a reality in the Far East.

What is liberty? Liberty is the right to use your intelligence in all of your actions. One main objective of your secondary education is to teach you how to use your native intelligence so that the best plan for your future is possible. The depth, extent, and variety of your interests are direct evidence of the breadth of your education, and these factors, plus your past experiences, can be used as guide posts in plotting your new undertakings.

You are about to enter a period of unrest. For some of you the armed forces are still your immediate objective. Others will go into professional schools, business and private life. But whatever your future task may be, you must remember that in order to make a living, you must make a life. In the making of life, you will meet with disappointments and discouragement many times. However, the individual who has never faced discouragement seldom does anything worthwhile. History proves that. Madame Curie in her search for the unknown element met disaster time and again, faced utter discouragement, only to renew her efforts until she triumphed. So you, too, will often get discouraged and many times will feel that your efforts are unavailing. If you force yourself to follow the dictates of intelligence, you will eventually succeed. Then that success will spell to you the meaning of true liberty. Relieved from failure and trivial annoyances, freed from despair and unhappiness, you will be able to follow your chosen trail until the end.

Liberty grants you privileges. The best gift you can make to the world in return for the privileges that freedom offers you is to be worthy citizens. Further you should be interested in all community projects, tolerant to those less privileged than yourselves, and determined that your children will inherit the "four freedoms" for which your brothers and sisters have sacrificed so much.

Yes, 1945, all of you from all schools of this great nation of ours must look to your futures. The future is filled with the most brilliant possibilities that have come to young men and women for many generations. The administration and faculty of the Mary E. Wells High School have tried for four short years to prepare you for this future. We stand ready and willing to help you whenever the occasion for help and advice arises. Good luck to each of you and may God bless you all.

James M. Robertson
Principal

So Proudly We Hail

these members of the Class af 1945 naw in the service of the United States of America,

ARMY

Robert Bastien
William Clautier
Francais Goumand
Aime Lacaste
Louis G. Lapointe
Philip Lymon
John Szydlik
Roland Tremblay

NAVY

William Baker
Albany Bousquet
George Czyzewski
Richard Favreau
Richard Genereux
Allan Jadrey
Rager Lafleche
Henry Paulhus
Victor Peloquin
Raland Phaneuf
Raland Pleau
Raymond Proulx
Robert Provost
Roger Salva
Colvin Simpsan
Jahn Sullivan

Somuel Vongel

MERCHANT MARINE

Kenneth Steenburn

SEABEES

Rabert Bellerive

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

PAUL EDGAR RICHARD

"Paul" (a)

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

Class President 4; H. R. President 1, 2, 3; Student Council 4; Bus Mgr. of **C and G** 4; Traffic Squad 3, Co-Capt. 4; Com.: Usher 3, Ticket 3, 4, Stage 4; Glee Club 1.

PATRICIA ROBSON

"Pat" "Tony" (a)

"A good mind is worth a kingdom."

Class Vice-President 3, 4; Honor Pupil; Graduation Speaker; **C. and G** 2, 3, Editor 4; Clubs: Readers' Guild 1, Dramatic 2, Glee Club 3. 4, Sec. 3; **Good Morning Glory** 3; Field Hockey 1; Bowling 3. 4; Jr. Red Cross; Com.: Prom Dec. 3, Play Pub. 4; Usher: Class Day 3, Prom 3; D. A. R. Pilgrim.

JUNE ELIZABETH CHACE

"Jacy" (g)

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low."

Class Secretary 1, 4; H. R. V-P. 3; Clubs: Glee 1, 2, Lib. and Sec. 4; Student Council 3, 4; Com.: Ticket 3, Prom. Dec. 3, Banquet 4.

AIME LACOSTE

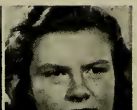
"Stretch" (g)

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!"

Class Treasurer 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball Mgr. 1; Basketball 2; H. R. Treas. 3, 4; Bowling 3, 4; Traffic Squad 4; Com.: Prom. Dec. 3, Bac. Dec. 3; **Heroes Limited** 4; **Good Morning Glory** 3.

(a) Academic Course
(c) Commercial Course
(g) General Course

Shirley Evelyn Braman
"Shirl" (a)
"Speech is silver; silence is gold."
Honor Pupil
Class Prophecy 4; **C and G** 4; Com.: Stage 3, Prom. Dec. 3, Class Day Usher 3, Ticket 4, Prop. 4, Invitation 4; Clubs: Girls' 1, Glee 3, Dram. 3, 4, Bowling 4, Junior Red Cross 1; Am. Legion Essay Con. 4.



Barbara Janice LaRochelle
"Red" "Larry" "Jan" (c)
"You are gifted with much that is fine."
Honor Pupil
C and G. Sec. 4; Clubs: Girls' V-P 1, Sec. 2, Glee 3,4; Readers' Guild Rep. 3; Bowling 3, 4; Com.: Prop. 3, 4, Tickets 4, Prom Dec. 3.

Jane Alice Cuskie
"Janie" (a)
"Though gentle, yet not dull."
Honor Pupil
Student Council 4; Bowling 3, 4; Clubs: Dramatic 1, 3, 4, Jr. Red Cross 1; Usher: Prom 3, Class Day 3, Play 4; Com.: Stage 3, Prom Dec. 3.

Jacqueline Louise Ouellette
"Jackie" (c)
"She's little but wise
She's a corker for her size."
Honor Pupil
Graduation Speaker
Heroes Limited; C. and G. 4; Clubs: Girls' 1, Glee 2, Dramatics 3; Com.: Prom Dec. 3, Prop. 3.

Donald Joseph Gervais
"Don" "Fat" (a)
"The right man in the right place at the right time."
Honor Pupil
Graduation Speaker
Class History; Clubs: Glee 1, Librarian 2; Com.: Graduation Usher 3, Motto 4.

Helen Nora Roth (a)
"Little and good."
Honor Pupil
C. and G. 4; Class Day Usher 3; Clubs: Readers' Guild Council 3, Dramatic 1, 2; Com.: Play Reading 4, Class Day Dec. 3, Publicity 3; Class Prophecy.

Anne Marie Langevin
"Anne" 'Bright Eyes" (a)
"Her dark eyes hair eloquent."
Honor Pupil
Graduation Speaker
Glee Club 1, 2, Sec. 3, 4; **C and G.** 3, Subs. Mgr. 4; Class Will; Acc. at Assemblies 3, 4; Bowling 3, Ex. Com. 4; Class Day Usherette 3; Jr. Red Cross: Rep. to Worcester 4, Blood Bank 4; Readers' Guild, Usher 4; Com.: Prop. 3,4.

Rachel Alice Shepard
"Rae" "Rach (c)
"A maiden never bold"
Honor Pupil
Clubs: Bowling 3, 4, Girls' 1, 2; Com.: Readers' Guild 4, Ring 3, Banquet 4, Usher 3, 4.

Lorna Jane Simonds
"Doonie" "Sy" (c)
"Speech is a mirror of the soul; as a man speaks, so is he."
Honor Pupil
Graduation Speaker
C. and G. Treas. 4; H. R. Sec. 4; Eng. Play 3; Clubs: Glee 1, Dramatic 2, 3, 4; Bowling 3, 4; Com.: Play 3, Usher 3, Class Day Dec. 3, Prompter 3, 4, Banquet 4.

Yvonne Marie Arsenault
"Yvy" "Chicken" (g)
"If a woman has long hair, it is a glory to her."

Clubs: Glee 1, 2, Dram. 2, Bowling 3, Readers' Guild 1, 2; Com.: Pub. 3, Ticket 3, 4, Usherette 3, 4; H. R. V.-Pres. 1, 2.

Hormidas Albany Bousquet
"Benny" (g)
"His merry spirit seems our comrade yet."

Football 1, 2, 3, Baseball 1; Class Treasurer 3, Traffic Squad 2, 3; Com.: Play ticket 3; Ring 3.

Robert Eugene Bastien
"Bob" (g)
"He was a perfect cavalier"

Class Pres. 2, 3; Football 1, 2, 3; H. R. Pres. 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Student Council 2, 3; Track 1; Traffic Squad 1, 2, Capt. 3; Readers' Guild 1, 2, Treas. 3; Glee Club 1; Junior Play; **C. and G.** Bus. Staff 2, 3.

Jean Raycroft Cahill
"Casey" (g)
"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard Are sweeter."

Heroes Limited 4; **Good Morning Glory** 3; H. R. Sec. 3; Dec.: Class Day, Grad., Prom 3; Clubs: Dramatic 2, 3, 4; Bowling 3.

Lena Lucille Bernardone
"Lee" (c)
"Two starry eyes."

Bowling 3, 4; Basketball 1; Com.: Usher 4; Clubs: Dramatic 3, Glee 1.

Gloria Madeleine Caron
"Glo" "Dimples" "Slug" (a)
"A fetching lass without a doubt."

H. R. Sec. 2; H. R. V-P 3; Clubs: Girls' 1, Glee 3, 4, Readers' Guild 1, 2, 3, 4, Jr. R. C. Council 2, 3, 4; Home Nursing 2; Bowling 3, 4; Basketball 3; Com.: Pub. 3, 4.

Rita Parmelia Blanchard
"Reet" "Rita" (g)
"Softly speak and sweetly smile."

H. R. Treas. 3, 4; Clubs: Girls' 1, Dram. 2, 3; Com.: Stage 3, Decorating 3, Publicity 3, Ticket 4, Usher 3, Motto 3; Posters: N. S. P. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Navy Day 2.

Jacqueline Yvette Chagnon
"Jackie" (g)
"Of quiet and studious aspects is she."

C. and G. 4; Bowling 4; Dramatic Club 3; Com.: Banquet 4, Wardrobe 4, Prop. 3.

Louise Loretta Boudreau
"Lou" (g)
"A good friend is better than silver or gold."

Heroes Limited 4; Clubs: Glee 1, Dramatic 2, Com.: Usher 3, Decorating 3.

William Emile Cloutier
"Bill" (g)
"True love never grows old."

Student Council 3, Pres. 4; **Crimson and Gray** 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4.

Louise Teresa Costanzi
"Lou" (g)
"Books are the ever-burning lamps of accumulated wisdom."

Heroes Limited 4; **C. and G.** 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3; Field Hockey 1; H. R. Sec. 2; Com.: Prom Dec. 3, Play 3, Prop 3, Class Day Dec. 3; Bowling 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2.

Phyllis Arlene Dartt
"Phyl" "Butch" (g)
"Her actions speak for her."

Clubs: Girls' 1, 2, Junior Red Cross 1, 2, 4; Banquet Com. 4.

Gloricttе Therese Cournoyer
"Glor" (c)
"Good nature and good sense are here."

Dram. Club 2, 3; Class. Orchestra 1; Usher 4; Banquet Com. 4.

Thelma Blanche Desrosiers
"Honey" "Red" (g)
"Gentle words, quiet words are, after all, the most powerful words."

Student Council 2, 3, 4; H. R. Pres. 1, Treas. 4; Clubs: Glee 1, 3, Red Cross 1, 2, 3.

William Joseph Cunneen
"Bill" "Joe" (a)
"Strong, constant, pleasant, wise."

Football 2, 3; Traffic Squad 3, Co-Cap't. 4; **Heroes Limited**; Class Will 4; Baseball 1, 2; Hockey 2; Com.: Ring 3, Dec. 3, Usher Grad; H. R. Pres. 3, 4.

Mary Margaret Dinovelli
"Middy" "Dinny" (g)
"A queen in every sport."

Basketball 3, Capt. 4; H. R. V.-Pres. 2, 4; Field Hockey 1, 2; Cheerleader 4; Clubs: Girls' 1, 2; Bowling 3; Com.: Ticket 3, 4, Prom. Dec. 3, Candy 4, Play Usher 4.

Robert Edward Curboy
"Bob" "Cowboy" (g)
"There is the silence of a deep peace of mind."

H. R. H. O. 1, 2; Rifle Club 1.

Mary Louise DiPaola
"May" "Dip" (g)
"Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair."

Bowling 3; Clubs: Girls' 1, 2, Jr. Red Cross 1, 2.

Christina Czyzewski
"Tina" "Chris" (a)
"As good as gold."

Clubs: Bowling 4, Girls' 1, 2, Readers' Guild 4; Com.: Prom. Dec. 3, Usher 3, Ticket 4.

Doris Clara Dupuis
"Dot" (g)
"The very pink of courtesy."

Com.: Prom 3, Class Colors 4; Plays: Wardrobe 3, 4, Ticket 4; Clubs: Girls' 1, 2, Dramatic 3.

Richard Paul Evans
"Dick" (g)
"Individuality is the root of everything good."

Traffic Squad 4; Bowling 3; H. R. H. O. 1, 4; Readers' Guild 1; Com.: Banquet 4.

Richard Homere Genereux
"Dick" (g)
"Trip the light fantastic."

Bowling Team Capt. 3; H. R. Treas. 1; Glee Club 1; Com.: Dec. Prom, Class Day 3, Play Orchestra, Ticket 4; Grad. Usher 3; Assembly Play 3.

Richard Valmore Favreau
"Fav" "Favro" (a)
"I desire no future that will break the ties of the past."

H. R. T. 3, **C. and G.** 3, Clubs: Glee 1, 2, R. Guild 1, 2; Bowling 3; Traffic Squad 4; Com.: Usher 3, Play 3, 4; **Good Morning Glory, Heroes Limited;** WORC Radio appearance.

Alice Emelia Girouard
"Gerry" (c)
"Full of sweet indifference."

C. and G. Staff; Com.: Ticket, Prop. 3; Clubs: Girls' 1, Dramatic 4, Orchestra 2; Bowling 4.

Shirley Feldman (a)
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Glee Club 1, 2; Com.: Play 3, Class Day Dec. 3.

Helen Anne Hamilton
"Hamo" (g)
"Her pleasure is her power to charm."

H. R. Sec. 1, 2, 4; Clubs: Dram. 1, 2; Basketball 1; Field Hockey 1; Com.: Play Ticket 3, Usher 4, Candy 4, Dance 4; Class Prophecy.

Pauline Marie Fray
"Pauly" (c)
"Silence is true wisdom's best reply."

Com.: Publicity 3, Banquet 4.

Richard Maxwell Harwood
"Dick" (a)
"One whose grip is a little tighter. One whose smile is a little brighter."

Readers' Guild 1, 2, 3, Treas. 4, Play Cast 4; H. R. Treas. 1, 2; Bowling 3; Traffic Squad 1; Com.: Prom 3, Play Stage 3, 4, Ticket 4, Banquet 4.

Claire Lillian Galipeau
"Ti" "Claire" (c)
"Grace was in all her steps."

H. R. V.-P. 4; Student Council 3; Sec.-Treas. 4; Com.: Prom Dec. 3, Ent. 3, 4, Play Usher 4, Orchestra 4, Snapshot 4; Glee Club 1, 2.

Gladys Arlene Hebert
"Hebbe" (g)
"Such a way, she dances."

Field Hockey 1; Basketball 1; Clubs: Dramatic 1, 2, 3, 4, Readers' Guild 2, Bowling 3; Com.: Prom. Dec. 3, Usher 4, Orch. 3, 4, Skits 4, Snapshot Chair. 4.

Myron Michael Hoenig
"Mike" (g)
"His limbs were cast in manly mold."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Bowling 3, 4; Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4; Class Plays 3, 4; Com.: Play 3, Prom Dec. 3.

Anne Elaine Laliberte
"Kelly" "Lib" (a)
"One who brings sunshine."

Class V.-Pres. 1, 2; H. R. V.-P. 1, 2, 3; Class History 4; Skits 4; Cheerleader 2, 3, Capt. 4; Clubs: Dram. 1, Pres. 2, 4; Com.: Ring 3, Stage 3, Publicity 4, Tickets 4.

Alice Mae Keenan
"Irish" "Aal" (g)
"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Clubs: Glee 1, 2, Dram. 3, Junior Red Cross 1; Com.: Usher 3, Ticket 4, Advertising 4, Banquet 4.

Joan Patricia Laliberte
"Lib" (g)
"And mistress of herself tho' China falls."

Clubs: Dramatic 1, Debating 2, Red Cross 1; Com.: Play Chaperone 3, Prom Ticket 3; Author Skit for Parents' Night.

Beverly Lloyd Kezar
"Bev" "Lee" (g)
"Some women, the few, have charm for all."

Student Council 4; Class Prophecy; H. R. Sec. 3; Clubs: Dram. 1, 2, 4; R. C. 2, 3; Com.: Prom Pub. 3, Dram. Prog. 1, 2, 4, Lights 3, Pub. 4, Tickets 4.

Aline Lorraine Langevin (c)
"As sociable as a basket of kittens."

C. and G. Staff 4; Essay Contest 1; Com.: Ticket 4, Property 4, Advertising 4; Clubs: Glee 4, Bowling 3, 4.

Theresa Elizabeth Kornasky
"Terry" (g)
"Quietness is a virtue not possessed by all."

Com.: Class Day Dec. 3, Usher 3, Candy 3; Clubs: Glee 1, Dramatic, Prog. Com. 2, Girls' 1.

Lorraine Ina LaRochelle
"Larry" "Lorry" "Lo" (c)
"A smile's in her eyes."

C. and G. 4; Com.: Prom 3, Candy 4, Ring 3, Play Usher 3, 4; Clubs: Dram. 1, V-Pres. 2; Readers' Guild 1, 2, 3, 4; H. R. Sec. 1; H. R. T. 2; H. R. V.-P. 3; Play Prompter 2.

Roger Normand Lafleche
"Rog" (g)
"It is easy for men to talk of one thing, and think of another."

Baseball 1, 4; Football 2, 4; Bowling 3, 4; Traffic Squad 4; Curtain Puller 3, 4; Decoration Com. 3.

Margaret Eleanor Lasell
"Marge" (g)
"A Horse! My kingdom for a horse."

Com.: Advertising Play 3; Readers' Guild 3, 4.

Barbara Ann Lavallee
"Barb" "Cuddles" "Bobbie" (a)
"A merry twinkle of the eye."

Basketball 1, 3, 4; Field Hockey 1; Soft Ball 2; Clubs: Glee 1, 2, 3, Pres. 4, Dramatic Sec. 3, Bowling 3, 4; H. R. Pres. 1, 2, V-Pres. 3; **Heroes Limited** 4; Eng. Play 3; Assemblies 1, 2, 3, 4; Com.: Prom Class Day Dec. 3; Jr. Red Cross 1, 2, 3, Hosp. Work 3; Stamp Room 3.

Irene Geraldine Liro
"Rene" 'Brownie" (c)
A winsome lass."

Cheer Leader 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3, 4; Class Phrophecy Chair. 1; Field Hockey 1, 2; H. R. Sec. 4; **C. and G.** 3, 4; Clubs: Girls' 1, Dram. 2, 3, Sec. 1, Readers' Guild 2, 3, V-Pres. 4; Bowling Capt. 3, V-Pres. 4; Com.: Play 3, Motto 3, Property 4, Ch. 4; Play Usher 3; Am. Leg. Contest 2, Hon. Mention 3; Animal Poster 2, 2nd prize 3; Skits 4; Pan Am. Play 3.

Ruth Frances Leigh
"Dimples" (c)
"Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be gray."

Girls' Club 1, 2; Com.: Wardrobe 4, Banquet 4.

Rita Jean Livernois
"Joe" (g)
"Not too serious, not too gay,
She has a very pleasing way."

Orchestra 1, 2; Girls' Club 1, 2.

Phyllis Ursula Lemmelin
"Phyl" (a)
"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
a care-free, jovial way she had."

Class Will 4; Bowling League 4; Clubs: Dramatic 1, 2; Skits 1, 3, 4; Com.: Adv't. 4, Dec. 3, Class Motto 3.

Jeannette Aline Loiselle
"Nette" (c)
"A friend of gold to those who
really know her."

H. R. V-Pres. 2, 4; **Good Morning Glory** 3; Com.: Prom. Pub. 3; Candy Senior Play 4; **C. and G.** 4; Clubs: Girls' 1, Dramatic 2.

Pauline Marie-Ange Letourneau
"Poppy" "Paul" (c)
"A shy face is better than a
forward heart."

Bowling 3, 4; Com.: Program 4.

Vera Mary Lord (g)
"Quiet persons are welcomed
everywhere."

Clubs: Girls' 1, Red Cross 2; Banquet Com. 4.

Carmen Antoinette Lippe (g)
"The best part of beauty is that
which a picture cannot express."

Dramatic Club; Com.: Prom Dec. 3, Play Props 4; Skits 4.

Eunice Louise Lucier
"Eun" "Red" (g)
"Good nature smiles from her face."

H. R. Sec. 2; Clubs: Dramatic 2, Girls' 1, Readers' Guild 3, 4.

Barbara Jane Martel
"Red" "Babs" "Barb" (g)
"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Class Secretary 3; H. R. V.-P. 2, S. 3; **Good Morning Glory, Heroes Limited,** Christmas Play 3, 4; Class History 4; Clubs: Dram. 1, 2, Sec. 3, Treas. 4; Readers' Guild 1, 4, Sec. 2, 3, Play 4; Red Cross 1, 2, 3, 4; Bowling 3, 4; Com.: Ring 3, Play 4, Orch. Prom. Grad., Class Day 3; Usher: Bacc., Prom 3; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3.

Florence Isabel Morse
"Moose" "Kitty" (g)
"It matters not how long you live, but how well."

H. R. Sec. 2; Clubs: Glee 1, 2, Lib. 4; Dramatic 4; Com.: Play Ticket 4, Dram. Prog. 4, Lights 3.

Constance Theresa Martel
"Connie" "Cupid" "Starch" (g)
"It is quality rather than quantity that matters."

Basketball 3, Mgr. 4; H. R. Treas. 1; Clubs: Glee 1, 2, 3, 4, Bowling 3; Councils: Jr. Red Cross, Readers' Guild 4; Com.: Ticket 4, Candy 4.

Frederick Robert Noga
"Fred" "Freddie" (g)
"Men of few words are the best."

Acting Class Treasurer 4; Student Council 2, 3, V.-Pres. 4; H. R. Pres. 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Mgr. 3, 4; Clubs: R. G. 1, 2, Play 4; Com.: Ticket 3, Dec. 3, Checking 4; Football 4; Jr. Play; Bowling 3, Chairman 4.

Norma Evelyn Merrick
"Evvie" "Ev" (c)
"Independent now, independent forever."

Clubs: Glee 1, 2; Junior Red Cross 1.

Aldea Malvina Peloquin
"Al" "Dy" (c)
"Always the same."

Class Day Usher 3; Banquet Com. 4; Clubs: Bowling 4, Girls' 1, Readers' Guild 1, 2, 3, 4.

Lillian Olimbia Mihal
"Lil" "Livie" (c)
"Her actions speak for her."

C. and G. 4; Com.: Decorating 3, Class Day 3, Prom 3, Usher 3, Ticket; Clubs: Dramatic 2, Girls 1, Bowling 3, Prompter 3, 4.

Estelle Beth Peloquin
"Joe" "Stell" (g)
"A girl light-hearted and content."

Basketball 1, Clubs: Glee 2, Dramatic 2, Girls' 1, 2.

Rita Theresa Miller
"Fat" (g)
"On with the dance; Let joy be unconfined."

Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3; **Good Morning Glory** 3; **Heroes Limited** 4; Com.: Grad. Dec., Prom Ticket; Bowling; **C. and G.** 4; Readers' Guild Play 4.

Victor Lionel Peloquin
"Vic" "Pel" (g)
"His enemies shall lick the dust."

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Traffic Officer 2, 3, 4; Com.: Dec. Prom 3, Checking Play 3, 4; H. R. T. 3.

William Valentino Presutti
"Bill" (g)
"A muscular knight."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Traffic Squad 4; Com.: Checking 3, 4, Prom Dec. 3; H. R. T. 4.

Claire Elizabeth Sangren
"Cousin" (g)
"Full of girlish glee."

Red Cross 2; Com.: Play Usher, Program 3; Author Skit for Parents' Night 4.

Robert Norman Provost
"Bob" (g)
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Senior Play 4; Football 4; Clubs: Bowling 3, 4, (Sturbridge Sharpshooters), Dramatic 1, 2; Traffic Squad 4; Com.: Grad. Dec. 3.

Harold LeRoy Shepard
"Shep" "Flash" (g)
"Men of few words are the best of men."

Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 3, 4; Basketball 1; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Bowling, Capt. Champion Sturbridge Sharpshooters 3; Bowling League Pres. 4; H. R. Pres. 4; Readers' Guild 4; Com.: Class Day Dec. 3, Ticket 3, Checking 4.

Filomena Ann Puracchio
"Mamie" (c)
"A friend who will never betray."

Usher: Class Day 3, Play 3; Bowling 3, 4; Clubs: Girls' 1, Readers' Guild 1, 2, 3, 4; Ticket Com.

Bruce Stewart Soutar (a)
"He that knows how to be silent knows much."

Graduation Usher 3; Traffic Squad 4; Bowling 4.

Mary Louise Ritchie
"Pat" (g)
"Life is no longer if we hurry."

John Patrick Sullivan
"Jackie" (g)
"All experience is an arch, to build upon."

Points for graduation earned through Mary E. Wells High School, Cole Trade School, and U. S. Navy.

Norman Joseph Roy
"No" (a)
"I am the master of my fate."

Bus. Staff **C. and G.** 3, 4; H. R. T. 3, 4; Traffic Squad 3, 4; Readers' Guild 1, 2, 3, 4; **Good Morning Glory** 3; Assembly Program 3; Bowling 2, 3; Grad. Usher 3; Class Day Prog. 3, 4.

Claire Marion Tetreault
"Kay" (c)
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

H. R. Sec. 3; Clubs: Bowling 3, 4, Girls' 1, 2; Com.: Play Usher 3, Wardrobe 4; Skits 4.

Natalie Ann Tonner
"Nancy" "Nat" (g)
"Sweet as the Primrose, peeps beneath the thorn."
Play Usher 4, Banquet Com. 4.

Thelma May VanTura
"Pal" "Van" (a)
"Cheerfulness smooths the road of life."
Student Council 3, 4; **Good Morning Glory;** H. R. V-P. 3; Clubs: Girls' Chair. Prog. Com. 1, 2, Glee 3, 4, Red Cross 3; Usher: Class Day; Com.: Prom Dec., Class Day Dec.; Chair. Ticket 4.

Gloria Lorraine Tucci
"Tuch" "Shorty" (c)
"Good things come in small packages."
H. R. Sec. 1, 2; Clubs: Girls' 1, 2, Bowling 3; Assembly 3; Com.: Play Tickets 3.

Mary Rita Volpini (c)
"The cheerful live longest."
Class Will 4; **Good Morning Glory** 3; **Heroes Limited** 4; Student Council 3, 4; **C. and G.** 4; Clubs: Dram. 2, Glee 1, Bowling 3; H. R. V-Pres. 1, 4; Class Day and Prom Dec. 3.

*** William Arthur Baker**
"Bill" "Smokey"
"Merrily, merrily, shall I live."
Traffic Officer 4, H. R. H. O. 2, 4, Rifle Club Champion Scorer 1; Readers' Guild 1.

Mary Woulas
"Woolie" (g)
"Friendships, everywhere."
Basketball Mgr. 4; Com.: Dance Ticket 4, Play Ticket, Candy 4, Field Hockey 1, 2; Girls' Club 1, 2.

*** Allan Herbert Jodrey**
"Yo-Yo" "Jockey"
"A good heart's worth gold."
Heroes Limited 4; **Good Morning Glory** 3; Clubs: Bowling 3, 4, Jr. Red Cross 3, Dramatic 2, 3, Rifle 1; Traffic Squad 4, H. R. T. 1; Com.: Stage 4.

*** Calvin Simpson**
"Cal" "Simp"
"A happy heart; a carefree mind."
Traffic Officer 3, 4; Bowling, Sturbridge Sharpshooters 3, 4; Dram. Club 1, 2; Com.: Class Day Dec. 3, Play Checking 3.

*** Kenneth Joseph Steenburn**
"Ken"
"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures."
Rifle Club 1.

Louis G. Lapointe
*** Henry M. Mathieu**
*** John Szydlik**
Points earned for graduation through M. E. Wells High School, Armed Force Institute and Military Specialized Training.

*** War Diploma**

*** War Diploma**

COMMENCEMENT

CLASS MOTTO
Facta Non Verba

CLASS COLORS
Royal Blue and White

CLASS FLOWER
Carnation

SENIOR WEEK

SUNDAY
Baccalaureate was held at seven o'clock at Holy Trinity Church. The Reverend Francis Cheney preached the sermon.

MONDAY
The Athletic Banquet was held at the Mary E. Wells High School Auditorium. All qualified athletes of the high school attended.

TUESDAY
The Banquet of the Class of 1945 was held at the Cohasse Country Club.

WEDNESDAY
Class Day Program was held at the Mary E. Wells High School Auditorium at seven o'clock.

THURSDAY
The Graduation Program of the Class of 1945 was held at the Town Hall at eight o'clock.

FRIDAY
The Class of 1946 entertained the Class of 1945 at a prom at the Town Hall from eight to one o'clock.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

Processional

Address of Welcome — Paul Richard

Class History — Written and Read by
Anne Laliberte
Donald Gervais
Barbara Martel
Norman Roy

Class Will

Written by	Read by
Mary Volpini	Mary Volpini
Anne Marie Langevin	Jane Cuskie
Phyllis Lemmelin	Phyllis Lemmelin
William Cunneen	Janice Larochelle
Roger LaFleche	William Cunneen
Aime Lacoste	

Class Prophecy

Written by	Read by
Irene Liro	Irene Liro
Lorna Simonds	Beverly Kezar
Beverly Kezar	Helen Hamilton
Shirley Braman	Shirley Braman
Helen Hamilton	Helen Roth
Helen Roth	Rachel Shepard
Richard Favreau	

Class Song
Words by Gloria Caron

Our Honor Roll — Read by Fred Noga
The Star Spangled Banner

Presentation of Awards

Presentation of Class Gift — Paul Richard

Recessional

Planting of Ivy — Paul Richard

GRADUATION PROGRAM

Invocation
Reverend Walter H. Kraft

Chorus — The Lord's Prayer — Malotte
The Class of 1945

Address — "FOR REMEMBRANCE"
Jacqueline Louise Ouellette

Address — "THEY ALSO SERVE"
Lorna Jane Simonds

Chorus — Recessional — DeKoven
Finlandia — Sibelius
Glee Club

Address — "THE HOUSE WAS BUILT OF GINGERBREAD"
Patricia Robson

Address — "A IS FOR APPLE"
Anne Marie Langevin

Address — "UPON A PEAK IN DARIEN"
Donald Joseph Gervais

Salute to the Flag

Chorus — The Star Spangled Banner
The Assembly

Special Awards

Presentation of Diplomas
The Chairman of the School Committee

Benediction
Reverend Walter H. Kraft

History of the Class of '45

We are about to relate the tale of woe to be known as the history of the Class of 1945.

In September 1941, a group of education seekers entered our beloved Alma Mater, Mary E. Wells.

One of our first steps upon entering this higher institution of learning was to elect class officers to guide us through our freshman year. We chose Richard DiGregorio, now at Staunton Military Academy, as our president; Anne Laliberte, vice-president; June Chace, secretary; and Roger Salva, now serving in the U. S. Navy, as our treasurer.

One of the leading characteristics of our Alma Mater in 1941 was the great number of freshmen! Six homerooms were needed! Because of our size we were destined to miss many wonderful assemblies. Therefore we sat back grudgingly and waited patiently for the time to come when as spohomores we could claim our rightful place in the regular assemblies.

The social highlight in our freshman year was the Box Social by the Dramatic Club. A great crowd attended, and this was a time when we really felt at home. Today many are still convinced that the lunches were tied with ribbons matching the girls' bows.

The Dramatic Club was really going strong that year, for soon afterwards we attended the presentation of the **Student Prince** in Boston.

Another memorable event was the party given by the **Crimson and Gray** staff, welcoming the freshmen who had been active on their grammar school newspapers. The afternoon was spent guzzling cokes and cookies and getting acquainted.

But now let us renew the parade of sports! We were very proud as well as pleased to see **own own** Bob Bastien on the football squad, in his very **first** year.

The girls were also doing their share. Gladys Schesler, Mary Woulas, Pat Robson, Carolyn Cheney, Jessie Janusz, Mary Dinovelli, Barbara Martel, Irene Liro, Helen Hamilton, and Louise Contanzi immediately joined the Field Hockey Squad.

It was great to see that we were represented even in the Wells High Band. All of us surely remember Roger Salva and those wonderful drums!

Room 114 was the most unusual room in the whole building! It contained no boys! It **did** contain three Martels, none of whom was related to the other.

One event that we will always remember was the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, our freshman year!

War was on, but our education must also go on; so with the spirit that is always found among a group of boys and girls, we carried on!

Thus in June 1942, as we watched the seniors depart, we realized that we were no longer the **children** of Mary E. Wells.

We were growing up! **We** were sophomores!

September of '42 found us strutting back to dear Wells High, eager to resume our studies and to further our knowledge. Being sophomores, we were as proud as peacocks and, therefore, heckled the frightened freshmen to our hearts' content.

When election time came round we were wise in choosing Bob Bastien and Richard DiGregorio as co-presidents, for, you see, we couldn't do without either one of them. Our vice-president was Anne Laliberte; secretary, Jessie Janusz, now living in Chicago; and our treasurer, Roger Salva, now in the U. S. Navy. The Student Council beckoned to Bob Bastien, Richard DiGregorio, Thelma Desrosiers, Fred Noga, and Robert Baskie, while the **Crimson and Gray** called to Pat Robson. We were represented in the Readers' Guild by Richard Favreau, Gladys Hebert, Irene Liro, Pat Robson, and Bill Baker.

In November, 1942, the M. E. Wells High School raised the Minute Man flag indicating ninety percent purchase of War Sovings Stamps by the pupils of the school for that month. Since that date, thanks to the endeavors of the Student Council, the flag hos continued to wove.

Thanksgiving morning found us troveling to Webster to witness the climax of the football season, the Wells-Bartlett game. The score was 9-6 in our favor, which, of course, was to be expected since we had supplied the team with such good players os Bob Bastien, Ray Proulx, Benny Bousquet. and Aime Lacoste.

On January 4, becouse of the fuel shortage, the school was changed to one session. This, however, was most welcome to many of the students, who got jobs in different plonts to help the war effort. But those who didn't work olso did their share, buying more ond more stomps and bonds, and collecting scrop.

The 25th Anniversary Issue of the **Crimson and Gray** was published in April. It was truly an excellent piece of work and one thot will be remembered for a long time. It brought back schoolday memories to many of our folks.

As June drew near we were oll onxious for the summer vacation and olso reolized that the next year we would be one rung higher on the ladder of success.

At last we were back again with "reading", "riting", "rithmetic", as juniors, now real upperclassmen. Our hero, Bob Bastien, was elected to lead us through one of our most important years, with Miss Howe as our adviser.

Very soon the juniors were piling around a few boxes to see samples of rings. After quite a controversy we chose our beautiful rings; and many girls inherited 1945 closs rings.

Thanksgiving Day we saw Mary Volpini, Claire Galipeau, and many other junior girls donning slacks ond selling parking tickets! The Victory Dance that night was a reol victory, for we had beoten Bartlett for the fourth consecutive year. The Juniors were proud, for Bob Bastien scored both touchdowns.

JUNIOR PLAY CAST

We soon saw many juniors walking briskly to the auditorium to bring the citizens of Southbridge their famous Junior Play, entitled **Good Morning Glory.** We started our rehearsals with Miss Howe. Very soon, because of an essential war job, Miss Howe was forced to relinquish our care after having lead us through three successful years. We sincerely regretted losing her. Miss Grace Palmer was soon selected as our play coach, and we were pleased to have her appointed our permanent class adviser.

On April 14, the juniors put on a very successful play. How could anyone forget the beautiful grey hair on Pat Robson, Barbara Webster's beautiful collection of hats, or Jean Cahill's portrayal of a snob? Remember Mary Volpini's spraying Allan Jodrey with **Elixir of Love?** It even made him dance! Richard Favreau's stuttering infected the cast. Myron Hoenig as a great lover, and Barbara Martel, winner of the Beauty Contest, added to a swell play.

Monday of graduation week brought the Athletic banquet. The fellows won't soon forget it. Did they have three . . . or four servings?

Wednesday the juniors eyed the auditorium stage with despair. It had to be made pretty for Class Day. First, flowers were needed. Using a truck, Aime Lacoste as chauffeur, we gathered flowers, and how we gathered them. After quite a while, the auditorium stage looked as pretty as a picture.

On Thursday the "forbidden laurel" was used to decorate the Town Hall stage. Inch by inch, Bob Bastien, Aime Lacoste, and Barb Martel, with Miss Palmer advising, finally finished the one little fence on the stage.

We clapped lustily as we were made seniors.

Friday morning at eight o'clock the juniors were all gathered in the Town Hall for a great task. The time was here for the Prom, and our most original idea for decorations, a garden scene. First, the stars had to be hung. Remember Myron Hoenig's balancing himself on a ladder hanging stars, and Aime Lacoste, using his car with top down, collecting porch furniture with Bob Bastien? All the trouble for cemetery greens! Gladys Hebert won't forget she did all the phoning. We put up fences, furniture, and cemetery greens on

SENIOR PLAY CAST

the sides of the Town Hall, magazines on the tables, even flowers on the fences and terraces. By four-thirty it looked as though we were finished, but the crystal ball wouldn't work. After a little coaxing, it finally started. Our work was done; and if we admit ourselves, it looked beautiful. The precious night came. Our gardens were used as lovers' lanes, but we didn't care, we had spent a perfect junior year. Yet we looked forward to a still better senior year.

It was on that fateful day of September, 1944 when we of the class of '45 realized that our career as students in Wells High would soon reach its end. "Tempus fugit" and all that . . . . However, we must confess, it was with no sense of great regret that we took our places in our senior home rooms and proceeded to eye the promising younger students with an air of hauteur.

To guide us through the coming year we chose Paul Richard as president, Patricia Robson as vice-president, Aime Lacoste as treasurer, and June Chace as secretary.

Immediately we plunged into our studies, as cats would plunge into water. But our first major accomplishment was the Senior Play, **Heroes Limited.** It was the usual success. The whole cast gave a very creditable performance. Who will forget that terrifying gun shot?

Next event: the traditional Thanksgiving Day Wells-Bartlett game was held in Webster. It was a fine day for football. Bartlett looked good on the field; the Wellsmen played a fine game but they just couldn't watch all of the green all of the time. The outcome: Bartlett 12, Wells 0. It was at least a sort of moral victory for Wells; the stands on our side of the field were filled with boosters. Nevertheless, they say the gnashing of teeth among some of the Alumni that night could be heard clear to Webster.

The Senior Snow Frolic was a new idea which came out fine. The whole year seemed studded with parties and senior gatherings for boys going into the service. Lucky was the home-room that had more than two boys in it by May.

The Readers' Guild put on its first big entertainment on April 6. It was, in effect, four plays; all of them well acted out. Wish it continued success with its library.

Because Treasurer Lacoste's services were demanded by the U. S. Army, Fred Noga was elected acting treasurer in April.

With graduation time just around the corner and with the much debated issue of **caps and gowns** versus **suits and gowns** settled in favor of the former, we find ourselves struggling against time to complete all our work and prepare for the coming occasion. There are still theses to write and more books to read before we are through.

When we are through at Mory E. Wells, we can truthfully say that we have learned much of benefit to ourselves. But, still more important, we have learned how to think . . . and perhaps decide. And we shall face the future expectantly and unafraid, for "Nam et ipsa scienta potestas est."

ANNE LALIBERTE
DONALD GERVAIS
BARBARA MARTEL
NORMAN ROY

HOW DEAR TO OUR HEARTS

Two Class Presidents . . . Miss Howe and Miss Palmer . . . Pearl Harbor . . . class rings . . . bowling . . . Mr. Paraghamian . . . 12:20 . . . Amateur Show . . . Spanish . . . box social . . . Coach Kyrios . . . Reader's Guild plays . . . Gettysburg Address . . . 1943 Thanksgiving game . . . V-12 tests . . . afternoon dances . . . Coach Tardiff . . . **Elixir of Love** . . .hydrogen sulphide . . . caps and gowns . . . Mr. Earls . . . **Good Morning Glory** . . . 1944 Prom Decorations . . . extra credit . . . little "brothers and sisters" . . . Bon jour, everybody!" . . . Miss Kozyra . . . English plays . . . snowman at Senior Snow Frolic . . . Mrs. N. G Fleepepper . . . 25th Anniversary issue of the **C. and G.** . . . Roger LaFleche's curtain pulling . . . **Heroes Limited** . . . "Sturbridge Sharpshooters . . . Bob Bastien's Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C# Minor . . . **our** teachers . . . **Student Prince** . . . V-E Day . . . four happy years at Wells!

Will of the Class of '45

We, the Class of 1945, with much sorrow and forethought, do solemnly bequeath, through this last will and testament on this 20th day of June in the eventful year of the unconditional capitulation of the **Third Reich** and its leader Adolf Schikelgruber, 1945, our goods and fondest possessions, as follows:

To our beloved principal, James M. Robertson, we leave a memorandum, advising him to cut down on warning slips because of the paper shortage.

To Miss Palmer, we leave our sincere gratitude for all her unselfish devotion and assistance.

To Miss Howe, we leave our appreciation for her share in the happiness of our first two years.

To Mr. Greene, we leave the memories of our successful class play.

To Miss Drake, we leave a radio receiving and sending set to save her periodical trips to the office to report the students absent from her classes.

To Miss Fitzgerald, we leave another Bill Presutti to keep her amused.

To Coach McMahon, we leave a cat-o'-nine tails to help him in conducting his calisthenics drill . . . also, from the athletes, one and all, "we think you're swell."

To the school the class leaves a memorial paying tribute to Captains Paraghamian and Kyrios. We are the last class in high school to have had them as teachers.

HELEN HAMILTON AND RICHARD HARWOOD leave their daily gossip to Matson-O'Brien, Incorporated.

JEAN CAHILL leaves the "nightie" she wore in the senior play to James Roberts.

RICHARD GENEREUX leaves his jitterbugging to Richard Bennett.

MIDDY DINOVELLI leaves her strawberry pink cheeks to Tina Cucuruto.

ANNE MARIE LANGEVIN leaves her brother to the juniors so they'll have a "man" left for the prom.

Vivacious LORRAINE LAROCHELLE leaves her smile to "Nap" Favreau, Jr. (the 2nd)

CHEERLEADERS 1944-45

Back row: Albert Brousseau, Veronica DiFederico, Anne Laliberte, Paul St. Martin. Front row: Catherine Costa, Irene Liro, Mary Dinovelli

"DIMPLES" LEIGH leaves her pleasant personality to Beverly Fox.

MYRON HOENIG leaves his long distance running to Bernard McMahon to speed home from the center after late dates.

Hank Moriarity, the most faithful swain of the sophomore class, inherits BILL CLOUTIER'S reputation for undying affection.

BOB CURBOY leaves his quietness to Ernest Duquette.

FRED NOGA leaves his pitching arm to "Lonny" Simonds.

BENNY BOUSQUET leaves his boxing gloves to the school trophy room.

"DING-DONG" PROULX leaves his good humor and his stature to Jimmy Rapo.

"Clem" Hebert, the already smooth-working main link of the football team, has been chosen to inherit BOB BASTIEN'S speed and ability.

To all the envious girls in school, THELMA DESROSIERS leaves the memory of her diamond.

BRUCE SOUTAR leaves his U. S. History marks to Johnny Ciprari.

ESTELLE PELOQUIN leaves her home room seat to Lucille Parent.

To Normand Loiselle, JACQUELINE CHAGNON leaves her soda-jerking ability to bring his frappes up to the 1945 standard.

To Albert Adams, JANE CUSKIE leaves her dimples.

To Jonathan Pezzetti, Esq., CHRISTINE CZYZEWSKI leaves her cute turned-up nose.

To Marguerite Bastien, DORIS DUPUIS leaves her girlish ways.

NORMA MERRICK leaves her independence to Bob Shaw.

JACKIE OUELLETTE leaves her cute costume jewelry to Shirley DiFederico.

To Rita Leduc, ALDEA PELOQUIN leaves her initiative. Look out for her in basketball!

MARGARET LASELL promises to furnish the cooking for next year's Freshman Brothers-and-Sisters Party.

To Barbara Salva, CLAIRE TETREAULT leaves her widow's peak.

To Theresa Swirbliss of the Readers' Guild, LOUISE COSTANZI leaves her enjoyment of novel reading.

MAMIE PURACCHIO leaves her bigger, better, and cheaper sodas for the daily visits of the football squad.

PAULINE FRAY leaves her long, detailed report on the **Forsyte Saga** to future "A" pupils.

MARY RITCHIE leaves her hero-worship to any susceptible sophomore.

RACHEL SHEPARD leaves her banking position to the forthcoming senior, Bessie Kraly.

SHIRLEY BRAMAN leaves her mathematical skill to be spread around among the freshmen algebra classes.

To Joy Oker, THELMA VANTURA leaves her naivete.

PHYLLIS LEMMELIN leaves her N. Y. trips to green freshmen in order to make them more sophisticated.

CALVIN SIMPSON, the old tar, leaves his pleasure in the ocean to Pauline Roy to increase her enthusiasm for Big Alum.

To Albert Brousseau, MARY WOULAS leaves her father's store so that he can establish a reliable firm here in the high school.

To Mary Marino, NATHALIE TONNER leaves her gentle voice and manners.

YVONNE ARSENAULT and LENA BERNADONE leave their A and B seats in senior home room to Sammy Athanas and Martha Bagley. (Hope they'll grow into them.)

GLORIA CARON leaves her puddle-jumper to the Glee Club for its 1946 debut in Sturbridge.

PHYLLIS DARTT leaves her last name to the junior class to aid in decorating for next year's Valentine dance.

To Bob Caron, RITA BLANCHARD leaves her enthusiasm for Holy Cross.

To Carmen Santo, LOUISE BOUDREAU leaves her clothes to add to her already well-filled closets.

To Tom O'Brien, RICHARD EVANS leaves his wit to sharpen it.

To Pete Theodoss, BILL PRESUTTI leaves his **well preserved** collection of collars and ties.

CLAIRE GALIPEAU leaves her wings to the Traffic Squad so they can do their duties more easily.

HELEN ROTH leaves her vocabulary reinforcements to the juniors to help in senior 500-word themes.

To Shirley Leen, BARBARA LAVALLEE leaves her oriental eyes.

To Harry Chapell, CARMEN LIPPE leaves her languid stroll so he won't mow down so many people in the corridors.

To Rita Duff, SHIRLEY FELDMAN leaves her curly hair.

To the Jones twins, CONNIE MARTEL leaves her petiteness.

To Louise Leclair, RITA MILLER leaves her "yarn-spinning."

BILL CUNNEEN leaves his smart repartees (see Mary Volpini) to pep up next year's prattle section of the **Crimson and Gray.**

MARY VOLPINI leaves her vicious right hand to defend all the girls in the school.

DONALD GERVAIS leaves his ambitions for the priesthood, in the hope that Mary E. Wells will produce many future clergymen.

ALICE GIROUARD leaves half the length of Marcy Street to Mike Ziu. He probably would find it rather a short walk to school, mornings — shorter than Alice used to find it.

ALLAN JODREY leaves his adaptability to Navy life to the future sailors, George Menard and Charlie Kollios.

ANNE LALIBERTE leaves her ability to manage crowds to cheer-leaders-to-come.

HAROLD SHEPARD leaves his presidency in the Bowling League to Charlie Bourdeau.

KENNETH STEENBURN leaves his farm to his brother Douglas to take care of for the duration.

BEVERLY KEZAR leaves her admiration for the Springfield Tech "Tiger" to Richard Martin.

RICHARD FAVREAU leaves his opinions to Harold Burke, Pres., to make him a good sophomore.

VIC PELOQUIN leaves his "never-die" athletic spirit to Pete Theodoss, to help him lead successfully next season's football and basketball teams.

JEANETTE LOISELLE leaves her faithfulness to the fickle underclassmen.

CLAIRE SANGREN leaves her popularity to Charlotte Goddu.

BOB PROVOST leaves Sturbridge with the warning that it had better still be there when he comes back.

OFFICE GIRLS 1944-45

ROGER LAFLECHE leaves his appreciation of Presutti's corny jokes to "Slim" Brodeur.
PAULINE LETOURNEAU leaves her latest model hats to Elizabeth Migala.
GLADYS HEBERT leaves her cute jitterbugging to "Ronnie" DiFederico.
AIME LACOSTE leaves his six valentines to be used for a better cause, the paper salvage drives.
PAT ROBSON leaves her ability to get along with everyone to Lucille Proulx.
To Donald Grenier, NOMAN ROY leaves his calm manner and good humor.
GLORIA TUCCI leaves her height to Bob Vaillancourt to bring him down to normal.
EUNICE LUCIER leaves her pearl combs to Lucille Benoit to add glamour to her already pretty hair.
To Helen Boucher, GLORIETTE COURNOYER leaves her penmanship.
ALICE KEENAN leaves her punctuality to Vivian Ferron.
ALINE LANGEVINE leaves her Sturbridge bus rides to Regina Burgess.
To Betty Boudreau, LILLIAN MIHAL leaves her excellent prompting talents.
To Miss Norton's girls during the halves of the games, FLORENCE MORSE leaves her impeccable neatness.
To Rita Baglioni, JUNE CHACE leaves her sweet but fatal charm.
To Jean Meunier, MARY DiPAOLO leaves her sparkling black eyes.
To Julian Benvenuti, BILL BAKER leaves his jalopy for occasional trips to Webster.
JOAN LALIBERTE leaves her ardent hero worship of her brothers to Pauline Proulx —Pauline can carry on!
To Catherine Costa, IRENE LIRO leaves her lively nature. (Keep it up Callahan!)
BARBARA MARTEL leaves MARTEL CLEANERS to keep the freshmen clean.
To Edmund Gillon, LORNA SIMONDS leaves her smooth way of writing.
VERA LORD leaves her composure under all circumstances to Margaret Dandurand.
RITA LIVERNOIS leaves her nice smile to sophomore officers to cheer them up after their arduous duties of the year.
THERESA KORNASKY leaves her enthusiasm for the Coast Guard to Dickie Sullivan so he'll have another thought than for the navy.
JANICE LAROCHELLE leaves her perfect secretarial manner to Lucille Lusignan.
To Nellie Clement, PAUL RICHARD leaves his presidential position.

Witnessed this twentieth day of June and attested to by the inferior firm of

Annie
Flea
Vi-Vi
LaFlesh
Cunny-boy
Amor

Class Song

Hail to the class that has studied and passed
The tests of the last four years.
We've marched along both united and strong,
Now we face all the world without fears.
Some may be teachers and some may be lawyers
But never apart will we be.
Hail to '45! Bring down the flags of enemies.
Hail to '45! We'll cheer to peace and victory.

Words by Gloria Caron

To the tune of **Stouthearted Men** by Sigmund Romberg

Prophecy of the Class of '45

Have you ever had your fortune told? Have you ever looked into the future? If not, you are now going to experience a great thrill. Taking up a crystal ball, let us see what the Class of '45 is doing in the year 2,000.

BOB BASTIEN and ALBANY BOUSQUET, the President and Vice-President of the Universe, are on a sight seeing tour. Their chauffeur, the snappy, speed-devil WILLIAM BAKER, drives them through new visible gas which makes their trip from planet to planet possible. The gas was discovered by NORMAN ROY, aided by his two capable assistants, SHIRLEY FELDMAN and KENNETH STEENBURN.

Shortly after leaving the United States, the party stops at the gates of the celestial world. Two old fellows, the familiar spirits of the superior class of '45 and of good old Mary E. Wells High School, admit our travelers to the universe.

The opening gates swing to the "Rhapsody in Blue" with CLAIRE GALIPEAU'S nimble fingers tickling the ivory keys. Waving a hearty greeting to her, our travelers speed by on their journey.

Along the Milky Way, a siren heralds ROBERT PROVOST, Chief of the Rocket Ship Fire Department, in his bright red ship. He's on his way to rescue RICHARD HARWOOD, Postmaster of the Universal Post Office, from a star which has grown too hot.

After the excitement dies down, the ship speeds along the super highway of the Milky Way again until it is attracted by throngs of people pouring into the Get Hep Bowling Alley. Inside HAROLD SHEPARD is demonstrating how to bowl without any pins.

Suddenly the ship jerks sharply to change the course. Off in the distance shines a dazzling pink light. Can this be Venus, the planet which glows from the secret Luciernian?

Lured by the fatal chemical our ship speeds forward to Venus. eternally famous and recently pepped up by an influx of the Class of '45 as well as by the inventor of the Lucierina, EUNICE LUCIER.

Did you ever witness a smoother landing than that which special Venus landing pilot LOUISE COSTANZI executed? Of course the landing strip (for which PAUL RICHARD and BRUCE SOUTAR spent many months drawing blueprints) helped.

Waiting for us at the airport is ROBERT CURBOY, famous linguist, who smooths out any linguistic troubles on Venus. Also on hand to welcome us is the well-known socialite and favorite of the debs, ANNE LALIBERTE.

Our first stop is ot the famous Venus Paladium owned and operated by the talented dancer, RITA MILLER. Rita, who enjoys featuring other well-known dancers, has on her bill for this week the popular RICHARD GENEREUX. To add glamour, BARBARA LAVALLEE sings the newest songs of the day accompanied by the versatile WILLIAM CUNNEEN. Oh, who is that waving to us from across the hall? Why, of course, it's ALLAN JODREY, millionaire play-boy and owner of the biggest theatre on Venus. If we hurry over, we'll be just in time to catch that marvelous mind-reader RICHARD EVANS as he goes into his act. Following him, JOAN LALIBERTE interprets a monologue written by the renowned MYRON HOENIG. After the show, we jump into our taxi and hop over to the home of our old friend and favorite comedian, BILL PRESUTTI, to examine the paintings he has just purchased from the new up-and-coming artist PHYLLIS LEMMELIN. And who is that charming person across the room? It's MARY VOLPINI, the universal Madame Hope (feminine for Bob).

So, with an exciting evening on Venus drawing to a close, we rush back to our plane just in time to pick up BEVERLY KEZAR, a physical therapist. We undoubt-

edly will need her services after a day on Venus.

The next day, a lot of bally-hooing about the Star Pit game causes President Bastien to investigate this entertainment. PAULINE LETOURNEAU, always ready to take a job of responsibility, quietly and efficiently floats off to Mars where news of it is flashing from LOUISE BOUDREAU'S automatic telegraph keys.

Pauline's news is that the game, played on Leap Year's Day, takes the place of the Rose Bowl Game of the good old U. S. A. The Amazons, an out-of-this-world football team, consisting entirely of girls from Mars are to play the Flying Stars of the Milky Way. The latter are fortunate to have with them famed athletes from the Class of '45 and the brilliant VICTOR PELOQUIN for their coach. The game is to take place in the huge Star Pit, situated halfway between Mars and the Milky Way.

The super team of Amazons has been developed by MARY Di PAOLA, the chief cook on Mars, with the help of her head baker, GLORIETTE COURNOYER. Under Mary's diet, CLAIRE TETREAULT has become a second Vic Peloquin and MARY WOULAS, a star comet thrower. IRENE LIRO is outstanding because of her ability to play any position successfully. Under the leadership of Captain MARY DINOVELLI, the Amazons have proved to be an undefeatable team.

Eager to entertain the important guests on the way to the game, drum majorette GLORIA TUCCI, floating gaily along leading President Bastien's plane, welcomes a message brought to President Bastien by PHYLLIS DARTT. Phyllis, riding her monocycle, asks the party to attend the test flight of the Merry Helicoptoreenian, which has no tires, no motor, no engines, no wings. The credit for making this amazing machine goes to LENA BERNADONE and YVONNE ARSENAULT who began working on this in 1946. At the field, thousands of spectators are marveling over the stupendous plane. SHIRLEY BRAMAN, chief pilot, is now strapping on her parachute and signals to her assistant, CONSTANCE MARTEL, to climb aboard with her second aid kit. The reason for its being "second" aid is that it has just been purchased from Helen's Hock Shop, proprietress HELEN ROTH. At a given signal the Helicoptoreenian zooms into space. Gradually the crowd dissolves. Off in the distance, rolls of thunder can be heard coming from LORNA SIMONDS' Machine Shop which is now producing as many as fifty Helicoptoreenians a day.

Again drum majorette Tucci leads the way. Crowds of excited fans have already assembled in the pit when the party arrives. ROGER SALVA is on hand for the day with his Navy Blimp, a portable drug store. He is accompanied by DR. CALVIN SIMPSON, who is ready to adminster first aid to the players. The co-captains of the Flying Stars, the inseparable ROGER LAFLECHE and AIME LACOSTE, are busily carrying out last minute preparations. No one is surprised to see that BILL CLOUTIER has taken time out from his Repair Shop for Helicoptoreenians, to join his friends in this important contest.

Everyone becomes tense as President Bastien gives the signal to play ball. The curving pitches of flashy FRED NOGA highlight the game; but in the closing seconds, a seemingly impossible catch by MARY DINOVELLI wins the game for the Amazons.

After the exciting game we find a large crowd drifting into MAMIE PURACCHIO'S newly opened store. President Bastien is ready to christen it "Mamie's Madhouse." Star soda jerkers, VERA LORD and NATALIE TONNER, whipping up their Madhouse specialty, a double frappe milk shake mixed with fruit juices, are about to serve this to the famous Favreau model, Miss CLAIRE SANGREN. Claire is RICHARD FAVREAU'S star model at his two and four cent department store. Incidentally, this is the store made famous by the patronage of the famed beauty, CARMEN LIPPE.

Our attention is now drawn to HELEN HAMILTON, famous hypnotist. Her victim

for today is the Registered Nurse, ALICE KEENAN, who has been called here to treat customers who have dared to drink the Mad-House Specialty.

The president and vice-president are now ready to relax at GLADYS HEBERT'S Haven for the Humble Hearted. Their naps are interrupted by JACKIE OUELLETTE, famous stage and screen actress, who is rehearsing for her role as Lady Macbeth. The part of her husband Macbeth will be played by that rugged lover of the screen, DONALD GERVAIS. After catching twenty winks of sleep, they are awakened by dots and dashes of flashes caused by GLORIA CARON'S sparkling dimples.

At dinner the entertainment is the great red-haired duet, BARBARA MARTEL and JANICE LAROCHELLE, singing the new song hits. Later on, The Universal Statesmen are joined by the first selectwoman of the Universe, RITA BLANCHARD, who was famous for her spectacular football playing at "Double Cross College." Opening her purse, she brings forward JUNE CHACE and CHRISTINA CZYZEWSKI who have been shrunk to the size of six inches by the PELOQUIN and PELOQUIN Perfume Power. ALDEA and ESTELLE perfected this perfume with the discovery of "whiff" a new substance made from the fumes of boiled onion skins.

Madame Selectwoman's chauffeur, JACQUELINE CHAGNON, finally arrives after having had some difficulty in landing her seaplane.

Leaving the Haven and heading for Vesta, the planet of beautiful Wells graduates of 1945, PRESIDENT BASTIEN is greeted by PATRICIA ROBSON, the receptionist who has come to escort and also to protect the President in this paradise of girls. No man has ever dared to step foot on this magnificent ground, but at last three men are brave enough to visit it to see how the Grables live. Pat has summoned ALICE GIROUARD and PAULINE FRAY to act as guards and to protect the guests.

The first stop is the local bank. Ration tokens must be be purchased in order to enter any building. The President of the bank, RACHEL SHEPARD, a star honor pupil back at dear old Wells, is assisted by LILLIAN MIHAL. Lillian has been working quite hard lately because Vice-President ANNE MARIE LANGEVIN has just resigned her position and there is a slight chance of Lillian's taking over Anne's job.

Strutting down Robertson Avenue, (named after our dear principal back at Wells) we meet the thrilling three: a blonde, a brunette, and a redhead. JEAN CAHILL, the blonde bombshell has been elected Miss Vesta. THELMA DESROSIER, the carrot top, is Jean's right hand; and THELMA VANTURA, the striking brunette, is her left hand. These three beauties are inseparable, as you can see.

A new hat shop has just been opened by MARY RITCHIE who is swamped with orders for her newest creation. Rushing into the hat shop are JEANETTE LOISELLE and LORRAINE LaROCHELLE. Jeannette has been the leading designer of clothes on Vesta for several years. Incidentally, Lorraine is also quite famous. She has broken the world's record of shorthand transcription. The other day she took dictation at 500 words a minute. Fast girl, isn't she!

Surprising news comes to us that JANE CUSKIE has opned a school on Vesta. Jane has been visiting many of the residents and has been trying to improve their language. DORIS DUPUIS has consented to aid Jane in her attempt to educate these out-of-the-world Grables.

We are quite fascinated with RUTH LEIGH'S and RITA LIVERNOIS' dimples. A contest has been going on for six years to see which has the deeper dimples. Since the population has not increased, the vote is tied 65-65. A suggestion has been made by THERESA KORNASKY of the "One easy lesson on how to danski by Madame Kornasky" that the President and his two friends vote in order to end the debate. Ruth's publicity agent, NORMA MERRICK, has a water pistol ready and her eyes are

thrawing daggers sa perhaps they had better vote for Ruth. It would be healthier. But wait! Rita alsa has a sa-called agent, MARGARET LASELL. Margaret is also ready far almast anything and she is quite determined that Rita shauld win. The votes are cast, but befare they can be caunted, ALINE LANGEVIN and FLORENCE MORSE drive up in their fire engine to take our President back ta his rocket and to safety away fram these Grables with able tempers.

Ahead, the blaze af fire grows mare fierce. Shooting stars and camets, returning ta the Universe after the Star Pit game, whizz by. One comes close! There's an explasion—and here's your crystall ball, calarless and clear, waiting for another year at Wells High to turn the corner.

Irene Liro
Larna Simonds
Helen Hamilton
Shirley Braman
Beverly Kezar
Helen Rath
Richard Favreau

Senior Snapshot Page

1. Eunice Lucier
2. Rita Blanchard
3. Barbara Martel
4. Florence Morse
5. Constance Martel
6. June Chase
7. Jeannette Loiselle
8. Lorraine Larochelle
9. Christina Czyzewski
10. Roger Salva
11. Jane Cuskie
12. Joan Laliberte
13. Louise Boudreau
14. Doris Dupuis and Gloria Tucci
15. Mary DiPaola
16. Pat Robson
17. Bill Cunneen's Gang
18. Rita Miller
19. Anne Marie Langevin
20. Bill Cloutier
21. Anne Laliberte's gang
22. Janice LaRochelle's gang
23. Barbara Lavallee and Carmen Lippe
24. Grade 8 Eastford Road—1940-41
25. Barbara Lavallee
26. Bruce Soutar
27. Helen Hamilton
28. Gladys Hebert
29. Bill Cunneen
30. Robert Curboy
31. Jackie Ouellette
32. Mary Dinovelli
33. Bill Presutti's gang
34. Alice Girouard
35. Alice Keenan and Pauline Letourneau
36. Phyllis Dartt
37. Carmen Lippe
38. Claire Galipeau
39. Mary Volpini's gang
40. Jean Cahill
41. Football team
42. Fred Noga and Mary Volpini
43. Robert Bastien

CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE CLASS OF 1945
T. P. MONAHAN
154 MARCY STREET

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Name	Disposition	Hangout	Pride and Joy	Likes	Pet Hate	Wants to be
Paul Richard	Teasing	Hipp	My brother	My brand new bike	Ads	Elec. Engineer
June Chace	Tranquil	Moose's	Army Air Corps	Skating	No mail	Nurse
Aime Lacoste	Who knows?	Store	My jalopy	Football	Flat tires	Car owner
Pat Robson	Independent	63 Everett St.	Wally	Horses	Main St. hill	Foreign Correspondent
Shirley Braman	Frank	With Louise	Paratroopers	Sports	Getting up	Flyer
Jane Cuskie	Solemn	Sturbridge	My cousin	Good friends	Moody people	Kindergarten teacher
Donald Gervais	Jolly	Home	Navy	Candy	Show offs	Priest
Anne Marie Langevin	Efficient	Home	My family	Classical music	Gigglers of '46	Pharmacist or Chemist
Janice LaRochelle	Happy	Home	Boogie Woogie	Spaghetti	Being called "Red"	Vacationist in Maine
Jackie Ouellette	Pleasant	My desk chair	A certain Sergeant	Rationed foods	Unbalanced bookkeeping	Teacher
Helen Roth	Capable	Beverly's	Lasell	Music	Snakes	Fashion Designer
Rachel Shepard	Serious	S. N. Bank	Roller skating	Cats	Noisy people	Traveller
Lorna Simonds	Surprising	Wells	Steno certificates	People	Dishes	Occupational therapist
Yvonne Arsenault	Conventional	Leona's	Teddy	Navy	One animal	Nurse
William Baker	Sporty	Sampson	My Jalopy	Navy	Study	Admired
Bob Bastien	Compelling	Nevada	Air Corps	Record Collection	Bartlett	Store owner
Benny Bousquet	Sociable	Carriers—Camp Edwards	Boxing	Transfer	Oklahoma	Radio man
Lena Bernardone	Likeable	With Yvonne	Army Air Corps	Sports	Two-faced people	Secretary
Rita Blanchard	Artistic	Pinky's	Army	Men—tall, dark, and handsome	Wise guys	Happily Married
Louise Boudreau	Intense	Western Union	Record Collection	Sports	Dishes	Teacher
Jean Cahill	Changeable	With Mary	Hair	David Prouty High	Teasing Claire	Nurse
Gloria Caron	Obliging	With Vic.	Marine Corps	Providence, R. I.	Two-faced people	Nurse
Jackie Chagnon	Independent	With Claire	Postcard Collection	Sports	No mail	Nurse
William Cloutier	Loyal	Pare's Garage	Green Oldsmobile	Sports	Noisey people	Flyer
Louise Costanzi	Tolerant	With Shirley	U. S. Navy	Books	Reports	Flyer
Gloriette Cournoyer	Agreeable	With Nette	My bike	Sports	Silly people	Happy
William Cunneen	Witty	With Paul	Green tie	Boxing	7:15 A. M.	At Worc. Tech.
Robert Curboy	Changeable	Country	Guns	Dogs	Hypocrites	Flyer
Christine Czyzewski	Shy	Home	Brothers in Service	Sweets	Snobs	Surgical Nurse
Phyllis Dartt	Nice	Westville	Friends	Talking and eating	Silence	B-29 rider
Thelma Desrosiers	Cheerful	Home	Mother, Dad, and Bill	To eat	Homework	Nurse
Mary Dinovelli	Gracious	Mary's	Bicycle	Sports	Monday morning	Nurse
Mary DiPalao	Earnest	Edwards	Cooking	Chocolate cake	Dishes	Successful
Doris Dupuis	Gentle	Corner drug store	My friends	Silver Jewelry	Squares	In California

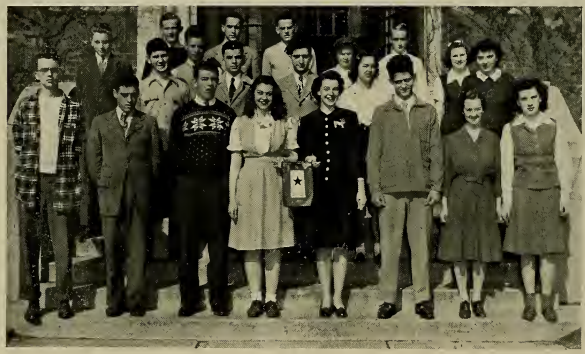
Name	Disposition	Hangout	Pride and Joy	Likes	Pet Hate	Wants to be
Richard Evans	Jovial	The "Y"	Appetite	Money	Work	Millionaire
Richard Favreau	Melancholy	The streets	Mariette	Comedians	Know-it-alls	Radio Tech.
Shirley Feldman	Reserved	Home	My nephew	Reading	Conceited people	Teacher
Pauline Fray	Modest	Home	Record collection	Spaghetti	Goody-goodies	Secretary
Claire Galipeau	Vivacious	With the gang	My wings	To travel	Waiting	Successful
Richard Genereux	Jaunty	Norfolk	Jitterbugging	Jazz	Detail	Orchestra leader
Alice Girouard	Serene	Harvey-Wells	Money collection	Swimming	8 o'clock bell	Traveller
Helen Hamilton	Carefree	Middie's	My wisdom tooth	To eat	Getting up mornings	Nurse
Richard Harwood	Even	Home	?	Horses	Stuck-ups	Dentist
Gladys Hebert	Changeable	Yvette's	My family	Sports	Bluffs	Lab. Tech.
Myron Hoenig	Unpredictable	Nice Smooth Brook	Horses	Racing, hunting, fishing	Snakes	Paratrooper
Allan Jodrey	Cheerful	Sampson, N. Y.	Navy	To be a civilian	Don't have any	At M. E. W. H. S.
Alice Keenan	Pleasant	Everywhere	Brother	Hiking, skating	Deceitful people	Successful
Beverly Kezar	Sociable	Home	"Tech"	Little Alum	Being lonesome	Occupational Therapist
Theresa Kornasky	Happy-go-lucky	Phil's	A uniform	Mail	Nice	Doctor's Receptionist
Roger Lafleche	Aggravating	126	Strauss	Sports	Writing letters	Admiral
Anne Laliberte	Spirited	Beverly's	David, my nephew	Football, Marines	Homework	Nurse
Joan Laliberte	Independent	Cleri's	Brothers	Medical Corps	School	Westerner
Aline Langevin	Happy	Home Sweet Home	My pals	My job	Stubborn people	Traveller
Lorraine LaRochelle	Gleeful	Home	Locket	Excitement	Suspense	A-1 Secretary
Margaret Lasell	Variable	Harrington Hall	Joe	Dancing	Spiders	Guess!
Barbara Lavallee	Teasing	Barb's	Wings	Dancing, sailing	Snobs	Hygienist
Ruth Leigh	Practical	Charlton Grange	My brother	Dancing	Alarm clocks	Happy
Phyllis Lemmelin	Happy-go-lucky	Everywhere	New York trips	Mail	Being alone	Com. Artist
Pauline Letourneau	Blissful	Everywhere	Sewing	Music	Homework	Bookkeeper
Carmen Lippe	Charming	Packard	Chip	Ice Cream	Catty people	Happy
Irene Liro	Mischievous	Dairy Shop	Snapshots	Bowling, mail	Housework	Successful
Rita Livernois	Sincere	Irene's	Letters	Dancing	Saturday morning	Happy
Jeannette Loiselle	Winsome	Ice Cream Shop	My Camp	Ice skating, swimming	Gigglers	Happy
Vera Lord	Serious	102	Walter	Piano	Homework	Nurse
Eunice Lucier	Poised	Dairy Shop	My nephew	Dancing	Chemistry	Nurse
Barbara Martel	Sunny	Barb's	My nephew, Jeff	Dancing	7:15	Secretary
Constance Martel	Calm	Around the corner	Diary	Bowling, ice skating	Silly girls	Air Hostess
Norma Merrick	Quiet	Strand	A's	Sleeping late mornings	Taking care of babies	A stylist

Name	Disposition	Hangout	Pride and Joy	Likes	Pet Hate	Wants to be
Lillian Mihal	Gay	Bank	Hair	"Candy"	Grouches	Visitor at a bungalow in Florida
Rita Miller	Spicy	Webster	A "Gem"	Horses and dancing	Catty girls	Mrs.
Florence Morse	Sunny	Ferguson's	Army Air Corps	Black cats	No mail	Aviatrix
Fred Noga	Reserved	The Globe	Baseball	Sports	Fibbers	Traveller
Aldea Peloquin	Ambitious	Home	Marines	Music and sewing	A low string	Business manager
Estelle Peloquin	Nonchalant	The Flat	My folks	Bowling and dancing	Sarcasm	Happy
Victor Peloquin	Happy	Y. M. C. A.	Football	Sports	School	In the Navy
William Presutti	Mischievous	American Eagles Club	Puns	Sports	Monday morning	Traveller
Robert Provost	Joyful	Sturbridge Common	Bowling	Playing sports	School	Sailor
Filomena Puracchio	Cheerful	Hartwell's	Anna	People	Moody people	Happy
Mary Ritchie	Calm	Charlton Grange	Happy	Dancing	Bad dancers	Traveller
Norman Roy	Temperamental	Any drug store	My books	To swim	Noise, when I'm not making it	Traveller
Claire Sangren	Nice	Sipping sodas	My dog Nancy	A certain somebody	Ignored questions	Model
Harold Shepard	Smooth	Sturbridge Common	Baseball	Store work	Law Class	Store Mgr.
Bruce Soutar	Scientific	Hipp	Playing stickers with my brother	After 5 o'clock	Homework	Successful
Calvin Simpson	Moody	Sturbridge Common	Sleeping	Skating	Work	Sailor
Kenneth Steenburn	Independent	Farm	Tractor	Good food	Theories	Plantation owner
Claire Tetreault	Dreamy	With Jackie	Nieces and nephews	Traveling	No mail	Explorer
Natalie Tonner	Sweet	Home	Mom and Dad	Fridays	Homework	Successful
Gloria Tucci	Perky	Sisters' homes	Five sisters	My job	Saturdays	Happy
Thelma Vantura	Twinkling	Sub Deb's	White cat	Sundaes	Monday at 8	Happy
Mary Volpini	Scintillating	Middy's	Nieces aand nephews	To eat	Fattening foods	Slender
Mary Woulas	Sporty	The store	Kid sister	Sundaes	Housework	Store owner

Class Superlatives

Lorna Simonds	MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED	Donald Gervais
Irene Liro	BABIES	Bruce Soutar
Pat Robson / Irene Liro	DONE MOST FOR SCHOOL	Robert Bastien
Mary Woulas	STRINGBEANS	Bill Presutti
Gloria Tucci	SHORTEST	Bruce Soutar
Helen Roth	BOOKWORMS	Donald Gervais
Mary Volpini	CLOWNS	Bill Presutti
Mary Dinovelli	HEROES	Vic Peloquin
Claire Galipeau	MUSICIANS	Bill Cunneen
Pat Robson / Rachel Shepard / Lorna Simonds	SCHOLARS	Donald Gervais
Helen Hamilton	BLUFFS	Richard Favreau
Christina Czyzewski	DREAMERS	Richard Evans
Carmen Lippe	BEST LOOKING	Bill Cloutier
Barbara Lavallee	SINGERS	Donald Gervais
Mary Dinovelli	SPORTS	Allan Jodrey / Aime Lacoste / Myron Hoenig
Florence Morse	COOKS	Bill Presutti
Rita Miller	ACTORS	Myron Hoenig / Richard Favreau
Rita Miller	DANCERS	Robert Bastien
Pat Robson	ORATORS	Aime Lacoste / Paul Richard
Rita Blanchard	ARTISTS	Kenneth Steenburn
Phyllis Lemmelin	POETS	Richard Favreau
Lorraine Larochelle / Barbara Lavallee	GIGGLERS	Richard Harwood
Mary Dinovelli / Irene Liro	ATHLETES	Vic Peloquin
Rita Miller	JITTERBUGS	Richard Genereux
Mary Dinovelli	SPORTY DRESSERS	Norman Roy
Carmen Lippe	DRESSY DRESSERS	Richard Harwood
Mary Volpini / Barbara Lavallee	MOST POPULAR	Robert Bastien
Shirley Feldman	MOST MODEST	Robert Curboy
Helen Hamilton	WITTIEST	Bill Presutti
Claire Sangren	MOODIEST	Richard Favreau
Pat Robson	MOST AMBITIOUS	Donald Gervais
Mary Volpini	MOST FUN	Paul Richard
Anne Laliberte	CUTEST	Paul Richard / Roger Salva
Jean Cahill	CALMEST	Richard Evans / Robert Curboy
Barbara Martel	MOST OBLIGING	Harold Shepard / Myron Hoenig
Jeanette Loiselle	HAPPIEST	Roger Lafleche
Jean Cahill	MOST SOPHISTICATED	Bill Cunneen
Barbara Martel / Beverly Kezar	MOST CONSERVATVE	Harold Shepard

Student Council 1944-45



President: William Clautier
(service flag)

Vice-Presidents: Fred Naga
Mary Valpini

Secretary-Treasurer: Claire Galipeau

Executive Board: Bernard McMahon

Faculty Adviser: Miss Constance Coderre

Senior Class Members

June Chace
Jane Cuskie
Thelma Desrasier
Beverly Kezar
Paul Richard
Thelma VanTura

Sophomore Class Members

Lionel Clement
Roger Dion
Henry Remian
Fred Sibley
John Simonds

Freshman Class Member

Harold Burke

Junior Class Members

Richard Bennett
Julian Benvenuti
Jahn Ciprari
Anna Denault
Carl Olson
Islay Palmer
James Rapo

CALENDAR 1944-45

October: Assembly Fund Drive.

November: Sale of feathers, arm bands, and emblems.

December: 6th War Laan Drive. Raised $3,600. Sponsared Field Ambulance.

April-June: 7th War Laan. Goal—"Weasel".

Traffic Squad

Co-Captains: Paul Richard
William Cunneen

Faculty Adviser: Mr. Laakso

Seniors

Richard Evans
Richard Favreau
Myron Hoenig
Allan Jodrey
Aime Lacoste
Roger Lafleche
Victor Peloquin
William Presutti
Norman Roy
Harold Shepard
Calvin Simpson
Bruce Soutar

Sophomores

George Egan
Dona Beaulieu
Lawrence Simonds
Robert Vallancourt
Sumner Goodwin

Juniors

George Bandelli
Richard Bennett
Stephen Benoit
Julien Benvenuti
Benoit Boissoneault
Albert Brousseau
Roger Champagne
John Ciprari
Gerald Gregoire
Robert Harmon
William King
Charles Kollios
Robert L'Homme
Bernard McMahon
Carl Matson
James Mogavero
James O'Brien
Carl Olson
James Rapo
James Roberts
Paul St. Martin

Football

Captain: Peter Theodoss

Manager: George Eagan

Coach: Harry J. McMahon

Assistant Coaches: Baker Sichal
Charles Venie

Lettermen

R. Hebert
V. Pelaquin
A. Lacaste
W. Clautier
J. Satir
R. Shaw
R. Harmon
D. Whiteoak
D. Beaulieu
W. Presutti
P. Theadass
M. Hoenig
R. Lafleche
N. Perikli
F. Naga
R. Pravost
G. Brousseau
J. Mariarty

Season's Records

Wells	7	Palmer	25
Wells	19	Putnam	0
Wells	13	Assumptian	0
Wells	20	Millbury	7
Wells	0	Narthbridge	45
Wells	13	Millbury	6
Wells	0	Bartlett	12
	72		95

Baseball 1944-45

Captain: Fred Noga

Managers: Edward McQuade
Richard Sullivan

Coach: Harry J. McMahon

Team

W. Noga, C	E. Duquette, SS
Edward Voloka, P	M. Regip, SS
Edmund Valoka, C	H. Petersan, 3B
F. Naga, P	J. Allabashi, 3B
L. Simonds, P	R. Shaw, LF-3B
L. Thibeault, 1B	H. Remian, RF-CF
H. Shepard, 2B	A. Martel, LF
H. Mariarty, 3B	G. Metras, RF
R. Hebert, SS	A. LaPierre, RF

Season's Record

Wells	0	Cammerce	1
Wells	8	Spencer	8
	(10 innings, called on acc't. of rain)		
Wells	9	Pamfret	4
Wells	0	Assumption	4
Wells	1	Tourtellotte	9
Wells	3	*Spencer	4
Wells	10	*Tourtellotte	7
Wells	6	St. Louis	5
Wells	2	*Bartlett	4
Wells	2	St. Lauis	1
Wells	7	Bartlett	2

*—Home Games

Boys' Basketball

Co-Captains: Peter Theodoss
Robert Shaw

Manager: Fred Naga

Coach: Fred Ferran

Lettermen

Forwards

Roger Hebert
Henry Remian
Michael Ziu
Christo Metro

Guards

Robert Shaw
Jahn Satir

Centers

Peter Theodoss
Christapher Legari

Season's Record

Wells 36	Woodstock 24
Wells 17	Spencer 24
Wells 17	Pomfret 40
Wells 22	St. Lauis 44
Wells 47	Wells Alumni 32
Wells 19	Bartlett 40
Wells 24	St. Lauis 41
Wells 28	Taurtellotte 50
Wells 23	Spencer 38
Wells 22	Tourtellatte 42
Wells 16	Bartlett 44
Wells 25	Putnam 26

Girls' Basketball

Captain: Mary Dinovelli

Managers: Constance Martel
Mary Woulas

Coach: Miss Ruth Norton

First Team

Rita Leduc
Mary Dinovelli
Irene Liro
Pauline Proulx
Catherine Costa
Helen Deyo

Games

Wells 24	Spencer 27
Wells 29	Charlton 15
Wells 13	Oxford 26
Wells 32	Charlton 11
Wells 19	Oxford 34
Wells 12	Spencer 20

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB 1944-45

BOYS' GLEE CLUB 1944-45

Miss Drake, Faculty Adviser

Dramatic Club Officers

President:	Anne Laliberte
Vice-President:	Nancy Wilkinsan
Secretary:	Ann Tabia
Treasurer:	Barbara Martel
Advisers:	Miss Tait Miss Nartan

Program Committee

Beverly Kezar — Ramana LeClaire
Florence Marse — Victoria Themistacles
Margaret Dandurand

Social Committee

Theresa Martin — Barbara Armes
Irene Masan — Rita Baglioni
Rena Themistacles

Play Committee

Jane Cuskie — Jean Meunier
Regina Burgess — Helen Pienta
Elizabeth Migala

Bowling 1944-45

Bowling Committee:
Harald Shepard
Irene Lira
Charles Bourdeau
Anne Morie Langevin
Fred Noga

Faculty Adviser:
Mrs. Bartali

BEST TEAMS

First Half Champions:
Indions — Capt. Rager LaFleche - - - - - - - Team Average 95
Sturbridge Sharpshaaters — Capt. Bob Pravost - - - - Team Average 95
Gremlins (girls) — Capt. Irene Liro - - - - - - Team Average 78

Second Half Champions:
Sturbridge Shorpshaaters — Copt. Harold Shepord - - - Team Average 95
Globe Dairy — Copt. Fred Noga - - - - - - - - Team Average 88
Wells Wanders (Ca-ed) — Capt. Chris Legari - - - Team Average 88

Highest Team Score:
Sturbridge Sharpshaoters - 538

Highest Single String Total:
Sturbridge Shoatshaaters - 1482

Highest Singles:
Edmond Voloka - - - 134
Irene Lira - - - - - 132

Highest Three String Total:
Chorles Bourdeau - - - 334
Irene Liro - - - - - 313

Highest Averages:
Honk Remian - - - - 96
Irene Lira - - - - - 95

READERS' GUILD COUNCIL

READERS' GUILD PLAY CASTS

Mrs. Bartoli, Faculty Adviser

Autographs

Teachers

Underclassmen

The Perfect Senior Girl Has

Pot Robson's disposition, Gloria Caron's dimples, Mary DiPoala's and Alice Girouard's eyes, Anne Laliberte's smile, Louise Boudreau's height, Mary Volpini's wit, Gladys Hebert's dancing feet, Janice LoRochelle's and Lillian Mihal's hair, Irene Liro's athletic obility, Barbara Lavallee's voice, Barbara Martel's and Mary Dinovelli's clothes, Louise Costanzi's independence, Carmen Lippe's poise, June Chace's personality, Rachel Shepard's blush, Phyllis Lemmelin's and Jackie Ouellette's complexion, Lorna Simonds' and Shirley Feldman's hands, Anne Marie Longevin's nose, Barbara Lavallee's teeth, Claire Galipeoue's talented hands, Pauline Fray's neatness, Shirley Broman's practicaliyt, Thelmo VonTura's naivete, Florence Morse's domesticity, Beverly Kezar's grace, Natalie Tonner's sweetness. Joan Laliberte's inscrutobility, Helen Hamilton's giggle, Shirley Broman's eyelashes, Jean Cohill's nonchalance, Rita Miller's acting, Claire Sangren's figure, Yvonne Arsenault's and Gloria Tucci's petite-ness, Filomena Purracchio's salesmanship, Helen Roth's studiousness.

The Perfect Senior Boy Has

Poul Richard's disposition, William Presutti's wit, Victor Peloquin's curly hair, Raymond Proulx's smile, Robert Bastien's athletic ability, Aime Lacoste's eyes, Richard Genereux's dancing feet, William Presutti's height, William Cunneen's rythm, Norman Roy's clothes, William Cloutier's physique, Donald Gervois's blush, Poul Richard's dimples, Richard Horwood's giggle, Harold Shepord's reliability, Richard Favreau's line, Albany Bousquet's business sense, William Cuneen's poise, William Baker's independence, Myron Hoenig's quizzicol eyebrows, Richard Horwood's complexion, Robert Provost's grin, Richord Evans' and Keenneth Steenburn's inscrutability, Allon Jodrey's acting, Bruce Soutar's studiousness, Fred Noga's friendliness, Calvin Simpson's bow ties.

THE CRIMSON AND GRAY

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